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CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD; A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

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CHAPTER V.

MOTHER KURSTEGAN.

As the stranger's tall form disappeared from the kitchen, the old Indian woman entered. She was a person, as before described, of a gaunt but powerful frame, and to-night the loose skin hung in wrinkles, and her face, sharp and sinister, told the story of baffled spite and a hard contention with fate. Hate shone from her beady dark eye, cunning lurked in her beetling brows, and avarice drew the lines of her mouth as tightly as the Indian draws the string of his bow. Her clothes were wet and clung to her limbs; an old bonnet blown out of shape she threw from her head as she came forward with long strides, and glanced sullenly from face to face.

"I don't know ye, only one or two," she said, in a voice harsh and grating to the sensitive ear; "ye lad's a stranger, and ye're all of ye more or less a pack of thieves, I reckon. Where's that Mast? I want a cork or something—I'm hungry."

"I thought you lived upon dried witch-skins, Mother Kurstegan," said the parrot-nose, removing his pipe, "with moonlight sauce, and stars for potatoes. I've heard that it rains puddings up your way, and all you have to do is to put out your tongue and fetch 'em!"

The Indian only shook her fist at him, and snorted herself on the floor.

"Ye are all a set of unmanly bores," she said, wrathfully, "not to give an old woman a seat and a bit of fire when she's wet to the bone; may your own mothers know what it is to want the same favor!"

"Oh, come here, Mother Kurstegan," said one and another, moving away; and young Park Dinmore sprang with alacrity from his seat, and pushing it before the blazing fire, beckoned her to take it. It was a piling sight to him, who was so fond of his own mother, to see this poor wreck, with her dripping garments and shony figure, ugly and uncouth as she was.

"Ugh! I like you," said the old woman, taking the seat, "and if you wasn't a pretty boy, I'd give you a good fortune; but, and she shook her head, looking at him sorrowfully.

"Here, Mother Kurstegan, here's a piece of money; take it and tell my fortune," said the parrot-nose, offering her a sixpence.

"Shall I?" cried the old woman, accepting the silver, while the red blaze gave her face an expression of unusual ferocity; "well, then, in the first place, your wife will be lame in one leg, withered in one hand, blind in one eye, deaf in one ear, and have a tongue that will assure you for your coffin."

A shout of laughter followed the blank discomfiture of the man.

"She shall be sick fifty-two weeks in the year," added the Indian, looking round with a gesture of triumph, "make bread like stone-bullets, give you carrot-water for coffee, scalding water to shave with, and dip your head in a bucket of tar if you don't do whatever she says to you."

"Hurrah! bravo!" cried the teamster, clapping his hands.

"And you," cried the old woman, turning sullenly towards him, "will go further and fare worse."

"Oh, now, Mother Kurstegan," said the teamster, with a look of real disappointment, "you said I should have Mast, only a week ago."

"Did I? well—humph! if you can get her, you may," remarked the crone, nodding her head to the fire.

"Mother Kurstegan has got something on her mind," said an old farmer, with a shock of white hair and a green frock, as he pushed the tobacco into a fresh pipe; "she used to do juggling well at it, but she's gin out; her memory ain't what it was once, and she ain't so young nor so handsome as she used to be."

"My memory!" cried the old woman, with flashing eyes and a changed voice; "boys! fools! you don't any of you know what it is to have burnt into your brain, as with red-hot tongs, such wrongs that the waters of all the floods can't wash out. I'm a broken old wreck!" she added, in a softened, melancholy tone.

Park Dinmore turned with new interest to the half-crazed creature, and she evidently felt his scrutiny, for she raised her dark eyes to his face, and, with a sudden animation, exclaimed: "Boy, I will read your destiny; come near!" then, raising her shrunken and sinewy hand as he moved towards her, she took his, and scanned the palm intently.

"For him that respects old age," she said, solemnly, and in a low tone, "whether in rags or velvet, whether with the crown of a king or the head of the beggar's cap, I would, if my power, see nothing unpleasant—yet, young man, there are crosses, crosses in your destiny."

"I'll bear 'em bravely, mother," replied the pink-faced youth, smiling as he spoke.

"Aye! that you will," she answered, her shrewd heart evidently growing warmer and truer towards him; "for he to whom woman truly for the sake of Mary, Mother of Jesus,

and for the love of his own mother, will wear his armor like a man and a soldier. You were born to a bright lot; you were cradled in wealth," she paused for a moment, as if musing some unpleasant memory; "you have crossed mountains and rivers and seas—you have been in danger many a time, and will be again."

"Just so, mother," said the youth, looking all the astonishment the correctness of her language called forth.

"There's a high house on a hill," she continued, "gazing down upon meadows and fields, and far away from any swamp-land. And I see you there, after the trouble is over, happy, rich and contented. And I see by your side a young wife—for you would scorn to dishonor the lowliest woman," she almost shouted, raising one hand to her head in a frenzied way—but calming herself, she continued, "and she has the brightest gold-brown hair, and the softest brown eyes and the reddest cheeks I ever saw. Aye, she's a pretty young creature, and she has seen sorrow, too. And there are three little children, one a beautiful baby—there isn't that man nor woman would do you the harm to wish a black wish to that sweet little baby—but I've known, ah, I've known what I wouldn't tell you," she paused, holding up one skinny forefinger, while in the hush the soft, solemn strain of the storm came floating by. The farmers looked at one another and shrugged their shoulders. At that moment, Mast came in, with her hands full of eatables, which she set on the table, saying,

"Here, Mother Kurstegan, ain't you hungry after your long tramp? Come and eat something."

While the old woman devoured the food, keeping up a running fire of wit with Mastina, (for she seemed to have the faculty of adapting her language to the company she was in,) the men laid their heads towards the fire again, one of them cried out,

"Say, Mother Kurstegan, is that cave child really dead?"

"Well, yes, the storm has been mighty powerful up our way," replied the old woman, with readiness, indifferently holding her hands towards the fire; "did you say you was afraid?"

A loud laugh followed.

"You don't get round us that way, old lady," said the Pennsylvania teamster; "we've heard stories as how the gal was living yit, and jingo! it's a mighty mean shame to keep a little gal in limbo that 'ere way, anyhow!"

"If you ever speak of that to me again," shouted the old woman, turning so fiercely upon the teamster that he pushed his chair from the hearth, "I'll tell the company which of your relations got hung."

"And I'll tell which of yours ought to be," replied the teamster, his temper flashing up in his face, "and she ain't far from it, either."

The Indian woman, with an unexpected and vigorous blow, sent the man backwards, chair and all; and the teamster lay ludicrously rolling over in his effort to regain his balance.

As he slowly arose, with a face of ashy whiteness, shout after shout of laughter made the rafters of the old room ring again. Fortunately, at this moment, Nick came with the message from above stairs, and while Mast, laughing till the tears ran down her cheeks, brushed the sand from the teamster's back, the old woman, dragging her wet garments after her, trailed her way out of the kitchen.

CHAPTER VI.

THE INDIAN'S INTERVIEW WITH THE STRANGER.

Nick, not well aware whether he did right or wrong, followed at a safe distance up the stairs, but she tramped rapidly as if she knew the way by heart, and shot into the chamber, shutting the door behind her. The boy crouched down close by the threshold, wondering what the stranger could possibly want of old Mother Kurstegan. Meanwhile as the evening was waning towards midnight, the men dispersed to their beds, and Mastina raked up the fire in the kitchen.

As the Indian belated entered the room where sat the stranger, and which was now lighted only by one flickering flame, she advanced to the fire-place, and stood with folded hands, looking uneasily about her. The candle had been extinguished, and its unsavory smell filled the room; the high blaze had evidently been smothered with water, for the ashes were blown about the hearth as if by a sudden concussion. The stranger still sat in the great arm-chair, his cloak about his shoulders, a dark silk handkerchief bound over his temples, his face resting on his left hand.

"They say you tell fortunes, good woman," he said, lifting his eyes uneasily, and letting them fall again, while his lips locked together with such pressure that their outline was almost lost. At sound of his voice the woman turned her head slightly, and it was fully a moment before she answered,



THE FRIGHT AT THE INN.

"Yes, I tell fortunes when there is any fortune to tell; but sometimes those that hear me wish that I had held my tongue," she said, coldly.

"I sent for you to tell mine, and if you hit the truth in anything you say, I will give you a gold piece."

"Let me see your hand," said the woman, coming close to him—then as she took it she dropped it, and said, "that's the hand of a man that's seen a mighty sight of trouble—and," she added in a lower tone—"done a mighty deal of harm."

"Go on," he said, coldly.

The woman shuddered as if conscious of an evil presence.

"I like to see a man's face when I tell his fortune," she said, evasively, "light the candle so that I may count the lines in your forehead."

"Is your art, then, dependent upon such paltry tricks?" exclaimed the stranger, impatiently. "I thought you read from intuition, and a knowledge of your—"

"For the Indian stepping back had changed to a fury. Her eyes, naturally large, flashed like fire; while the seams on her dark face quivered and deepened, and her lips grew pale. Slowly the man lifted himself from his seat, gazing with a cowardly fear showing under his assumed surprise, and almost covering under her gaze. At last he spoke, "It is I who suffer most, woman; give me my child!"

In vain she strove to speak. Her gaunt frame shook, her pallid lips trembled, her long, snaky locks writhed upon her bosom—her hands clutched at the air—but she hissed at last through her clenched teeth, "Accursed of God and man—give me back my child. You made my life a desert; you tore a mother's heart; you desolated me and mine. Viper! stand there and look. I know you! I felt you in the air below; your trail was on the ground I passed over; your breath tainted the storm."

"Silence, beladame!" cried the man with a fierce gesture, "and tell me, where is my child? Look, I will give you gold—a fortune if you restore her. Her mother is dying, broken-hearted; tell me where she is!"

"Go look at her bones," said the other in a low, exciting voice, "they are all that's left of your delicate baby; and so she is dying—oh! ha, ha, ha, ha! and the child is dead—ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Dead!" and the man seemed to lose power as he stood—"dead," he repeated in a black voice.

"You like news, you like good news, don't you?" said the woman bitterly; "you're an editor and give the people news; go spread it; tell the old Indian woman who could talk like a lawyer; it will make your paper sell—but I'll whisper something in your ear—oh! don't be afraid of me—I've lost the Indian taste for blood by hearing how white folks kill; the child isn't dead, nor likely to be. But let me tell you, Horace LeVang, you will never see your child until you meet her the ruined thing you made my child. That's what I am keeping her for."

Why record the fearful recriminations, the awful imprecations that passed in the chamber of that old inn, while the storm chanted a woful requiem. The boy outside, pale with terror, crouched nearer to listen, and in his fright sometimes sprang to his feet to run, but fascinated by the sound of discord, he still remained, till the old woman, making a plunge at the door, left the chamber, flinging her curse back over the threshold.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FRIGHT.

The landlord slept on a narrow couch in a large, dimly lighted room, at the opposite end of the house from that occupied by the stranger. On a wide, full-curtained bedstead, lay his wife, a pale, nervous little woman, with her first born babe, who had made his advent into the world from that room, sleeping upon her arm. The rain and wind sounded dismally to the strained ears of the invalid, as she lay nervously watching the uncouth shadows that solemnly wandered across the

while-washed wall. She had just come to the resolution to wake her sleeping spouse at the moment that old Mother Kurstegan left LeVang's chamber, and Nick, springing out of the way, pursued, as he thought, by the witch, and mistaking the passage, burst headlong into the room occupied by the landlord and his wife.

With a faint shriek, a diminutive, night-capped head was thrust between the curtains, round which a few strings of pale hair hung disheveled, and two bewildered eyes, strained and frightened, peered out into the gloom. Falling back, the figure raised a shriek so unearthly that it echoed through every room of the old house. Nick, who, speechless with dismay, and half crazed with the pain of a sprained ankle, lay curled up against the foot of the bedpost, was rendered yet more obtuse by the screams that now burst forth in appalling succession. The landlord, cruelly roused from his first and sweetest nap, lifted himself with fearful alacrity, and standing with head thrust out, dangled a long silk nightcap, from which depended a woollen tassel, he cried in doleful accents, "What, what's the matter, wifery, little wifery? Sho! don't take on; 'tain't nothing but a nightmare—daddy'll git his gun and shoot it—why! drat it; what ails the woman? I never heard such a noise in this world, never; hallo! thieves—murder! oh! Lord, Molly, Molly, what's the matter? Thieves, I say! murder! murder!"

By this time the entry was thronged. Foremost, in his shirt, holding a pair of trousers, through one leg of which he was still struggling to push his right foot, and brandishing in his disengaged hand a heavily-loaded whip-handle, appeared the teamster. Behind him came the parrot-nose, gathering his coat upside down about his brawny chest, and clutching a brace of unloaded pistols pointed wrong end foremost, and rusty from disuse. Next appeared Mastina's broad face, oddly surmounted with dozens of curl-papers, and from whose countenance hung uncouthly strips of a whitish looking material, as if not satisfied with curling her hair, she was trying the experiment on her face—in one hand a taring candle that did not spare her grotesque visage, in the other, and under both arms, a broom, a poker, and a pair of tongs for the invader. From her shoulders hung a long, ragged shawl, which she kept together with her teeth. Back of these were seen the eager, wonder-filled faces of the others, some with dishevelled locks, some with heads tied up in handkerchiefs, and some whose expression was a boozey mark of interrogation, plainly indicating that the stairs were upside down, the fine face of Park Dinmore, the dark, apprehensive visage of the stranger, LeVang, peered into the dimly lighted room, and gazed toward the bed from whose curtains depths issued now and then a muffled sob, rendered almost inaudible by the pipes of the little seven-days-old Goodale, who had a notion to protest against this unwonted infringement on his rights, and who roared within his blankets. The sorry-looking landlord, emboldened by the presence of his company, had snuffed the dim candle, bringing out in picturesque relief the martial band of heroes who stood crowding in at the chamber door, and revealing the boy Nick, white with terror, and incapable of moving hand or foot.

"Oh! oh! we shall be murdered; we shall be murdered in our blood!" cried the disconsolate woman, sinking down lower in the sheets.

"Don't be alarmed, deary," replied the little, old man, soothingly; and gathering fresh courage from another glance at the door, he added, "daddy's here."

At this valorous announcement, the teamster burst into a hearty guffaw, at the same time conquering the obstinate garment by planting his foot firmly on the floor, and tearing away two-thirds of the lining in which unfortunately his understanding had become involved.

"What in creation did you want to wake us all up at this time of night for?" inquired the parrot-nose, becoming tired of pointing the handles of his capless and powderless pistols at foes purely imaginary.

"Ain't there no thieves nor murderers here?"

asked the frightened wife of the landlord, in a quivering voice, as she parted the curtains with her thin hand.

"No, lovey—but—what in I—ye, Nick! how come you squatting down here? Have you bin leaguering with that old witch? What you got to say for yourself, you wifery!" he cried, venting his subsiding fear in shakes and cuffs on the poor victim whose face was distorted by severe pain.

"Oh! oh!" moaned Nick, his eyes overflowing, and writhing under the hands of his master, "my foot—I've broke my foot."

"None of your hypocrisis, you rascal, or I'll shake you to pieces; how come you here, frightening my wife out of her wits?"

"Oh!" cried Nick, his agony beyond endurance, "let me be; my foot is broke—oh! my foot."

"I guess he's hurt bad!" said the teamster; to bear upon the indignant landlord—don't handle him so, old daddy; we shall take the boy's part; he's too much of a fool to do any mischief."

"Let him tell me then, what he's come here for, disturbing my poor, sick wifery, and raising the house in this manner—let him tell me that," exclaimed daddy Goodale, loosing his hold of the boy, however, who fell helpless on the floor; "here, you Masty—but Mastina had retired to the shades of her chamber, becoming suddenly conscious that her costume was somewhat ridiculous; and young Park Dinmore, with an apology, stepped into the room, and upon examining the boy's foot, pronounced it badly sprained."

"I was hearing of old Mother Kurstegan in the gentleman's room, and they hollered so they scared me, and I run clear to here," said Nick, wiping the tears with his dirty hands; and I sposed that's what frightened the misters."

"Frightened! you've near about killed her; and that precious baby!" exclaimed daddy Goodale, shaking his night-cap in a terrible way; "suppose I and these men had been gone! suppose she'd had a fit of histories, which in her excited state she might have been; you wicked boy. It would near a killed her outright. You can go, gentlemen, no need of your services now; it's all been a mistake—I shall keep awake; good night—much obliged to ye!" and allowing Park Dinmore to lead Nick to his own chamber, the room was darkened again, the household subsided into quiet rest, and, while the storm growled and raved without.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHIP BEGINS TO SEE THE WORLD.

No one seemed to give a moment's thought to the old Indian woman, who, in the extremity of her rage, ran from one end of the large kitchen, whither she had wended her way, to the other, muttering, cursing, pulling her dishevelled locks, and wringing her hands.

The fire had been carefully raked over, and darkness wrapped the room, yet up and down she drew, like a fury, talking to herself so loudly and passionately, that had it not been for the wildness of the evening winds, and the excitement of the night, the inmates must have been disturbed. Exhausted at last by this fruitless rage, the poor demented creature trailed her rags toward the fire-place, pulled out the ponderous irons, uncovered the coals and stirred them, and then crouched down by their firelight warmth. Presently she gathered some of the morning's kindlings and threw them on, blowing the embers on hands and knees, till they sent a curling blaze around the light wood.

"There!" she muttered, "now it would be a satisfaction to heap them at his door, and let them burn, burn."

She sat rocking her body and thinking, with knitted brows and lips working convulsively. The bright flare gave to her gray, seamed face an uncouthly look, stamped as it was with evil passions, and threw into bold relief the colors with which, with the gaudy taste of the Indian, she had patched her grotesque attire. Now and then the shadows of the tall chairs and heavy cornices trembled along the floor; the old clock ticked with monotonous tone, and the sighing wind, like an evil presence, moaned down the chimney.

"The boy was with him, Nick," she muttered again; "yes, yes; it was he who ran before me—the little cur, to listen. And this man will hire him to go to the cave—give him money. No, no; Mother Kurstegan is cunning, foolish and crazed though ye all think her; she'll be travelling by daylight, while the rest are sleeping in their beds—and somebody else with her; yes, somebody else with her," she added, in a shrill, sing-song, trembling voice.

Adjusting herself along the hearth, the old woman prepared to sleep. Occasionally she would start, raise herself upon one elbow, peer about the kitchen, above, below—listen intently, with a gleam in her wild eyes, but gradually fatigue overcame her, and she sank into a fitful slumber. The fading fire shot up, painting

her hollow eyes and sunken cheeks a cadaverous blue, glimmered along the fading embers, and finally died out, leaving her in the deep, howling gloom, asleep.

The clock struck four when Mastina entered the kitchen with a lighted candle. Walking straight up to the fire-place, she had almost fallen over the extended figure of the old woman, who had not yet awakened.

"Lawd! you old witch!" she grumbled, when her momentary fright was over, "who'd a thought of finding you here! Hallo! old woman, Mother Cursing or Kurstegan, or whatever your name is," she cried, moving her with her foot, "come, I've got work to do here—get breakfast for a dozen lazy louts who calls themselves men, and expects a woman to git up before morning, if she's worked as hard as they have. Yes," she muttered, "a teamster has mighty hard work, most of the time; it's a dreadful thing to sit in a wagon twelve hours and be dragged by two great, strong beasts. I say, you old witch, don't you hear?"

"Yes, yes, but you can't have the child; you can't have the child—no, not if you coined your heart's blood," muttered the old woman, sleepily, rising slowly from her bed of ashes, and heavily unclosing her bearded eyes.

"That's a good one, now," cried Mastina, with her short, merry laugh; "what do you suppose I want with a child? I've got two children to take care of, Tim's wife and her baby; I think that's 'bout enough. Tim's wife was helpless enough before; but since that other little night-cap has come, she's altogether too nice for this world. I say, Mother Kurstegan, what child was you talking about? Come, tell us for old acquaintance's sake! I'll be mum as a dead man if you will," she added, in a lower tone.

"I've got nothing to tell you," cried the old woman, shortly, rising and shaking herself; "when I'm asleep I generally dream, and I ain't apt to remember dreams—ho-o!" she cried, turning to gaze at Mastina, who, with her pyramid of curl papers and patches of cosmetics, presented an appearance of grotesqueness not easy to match. The girl laughed, knitted the fire, and, accompanied by her candle, went out to fill the kettle. When she came back the damp air blew through the kitchen; the door was left open through which Mother Kurstegan had gone; a pool of water, formed during the night, lay in the hollow passage way, and the damp bushes at the door sprinkled their heavy tears upon the grey stone slab outside.

The road was skirted by thick woods, and the Indian pressed on under the perpetual showering from the trees. The wind blew dimly, penetrating the folds of the water-soaked blanket folded about her gaunt, haggard figure. Through her dull eyes, the way was dark before her, but the morning was breaking cold and gloomily. Sometimes she hummed the snatch of an old tune; sometimes muttered in Delaware, her native dialect; often she paused, and with lips firmly set, shook her head defiantly; sometimes she whistled, or strained her ear to listen for the wheels of some early teamster who might, through fear if not compassion, indulge her with a ride as far as he went. Soon the opaque atmosphere brightened a little, giving form and color to the drizzling rain that fell unweariedly. As she journeyed on, the country became more open and rugged. Miniature hills alternated with miniature valleys; masses of rock unevenly piled, relieved the monotony of bush and stunted pine. At length, coming to a strange formation of stone and earth, over which the huge branches of a century-old elm fell with a picturesque effect, and where a new pine growth spread foliage and roots, the old woman paused. Looking about her to be sure no one was near, she parted the scraggy covering, crept through what appeared to be a fissure in the rock, and emerged on the other side into a low, wooded ravine, and from thence into a tract of woods untouched by the hand of the pioneer. Along a path scarcely discernible, and filled now with branches and whatever the torrents had brought from the hills, she made her way into the thicket. With a dexterity that betrayed a practiced eye, she picked a narrow trail, sometimes sinking foot deep into a morass, and swaying herself of overhanging branches or rotten logs, which she had evidently placed there with her own hands, she came to the base of the hill on the summit of which she dwelt. The way up this steep ascent, wooded to its top, was tortuous in the extreme. Many a time her strength failed her utterly, and she sat upon a stunted knoll or jagged rock, and bent her head upon her hands. It was late in the morning when she gained the little spot where her hut was planted by the strong hand of nature. Drawing aside the bushes by which the entrance was concealed, she glided noiselessly within the rocky domicile. The floor was dry and carpeted richly with crust-like moss. Through another opening near the roof, the interior of this singular home became dimly visible. A furnace stood near the door filled with ashes. Two rude seats were ranged against the rough walls, with some regard to order, a large board being propped up between, answering for a table. A bed of dried moss in a covering of blue check lay in one corner, and on it, in this solitary, cheerless place, where no white man's foot-fall had ever sounded, shut in by forest trees, matted bushes and thick branches, lay a little child, a lovely little child, with pale cheeks, diminutive figure, and long, golden-tinted, gleamy hair, streaming over the coarse pillow. Mother Kurstegan went towards her, stooped and gazed earnestly for a moment, then turned to her duties. Untying a bundle, in which, the night before, she had thrown the remnants of her supper, she laid them upon the table. Then she threw off her wet shawl, hung it upon a projection of the rock, and taking from beneath the bed some decent garments, she changed her ragged clothes for dry ones.

Setting her furnace near the mouth of the tiny cave, she struck a fire with flint and tinder, and placed a nondescript utensil, filled with water, on the furnace top. Then from a box she took meal, and kneading it into a flat cake, set it to bake. Next she examined the child's clothes that lay beside the bed. They were large and coarse, and had been made out of her own garments. Taking from an old worn husband a needle and some thread, she proceeded to stitch together such parts as needed repairing, muttering the while about her miserable plight; and after this was done, she made a little bundle of the clothes, and with a heavy sigh that spoke of regret, proceeded to waken the child.

"Chip, Chip, wake up!" she cried, touching the delicate shoulder with her hard hand. The little girl, accustomed to the voice, sprang upright, and her soft eyes, in which a sweet yet mournful expression was predominant, turned instinctively towards the old Indian woman. She spoke not a word, but a wan, almost vacant smile flitted for a moment over her pensive features, and she pressed her little hands to her head with unchildish meaning in her look.

"Come, dress yourself and eat your breakfast, for we've a long tramp to go this day."

The child turned again and gazed into the old woman's face, as if not comprehending the import of her language.

"Don't look so like a heathen, child," exclaimed Mother Kurstegan, "don't you want to see something of the world, poor little fool! don't you think it's almost time? Only think! ten long years, and you've never taken one step outside this wilderness. Well, it don't know what the world is, but it shall, soon enough. Come, stop staring, I say, will you? and dress yourself! I'm going to carry you where you shall open your eyes before night!"

A bewildering joy possessed the child; every fibre of her frame quivered; every nerve thrilled. In the intensity of the hate nursed by a shattered mind, it had been the old woman's policy to tell the wildest, most extravagant tales about the world beyond the little cave. And she had also taught her the darkest lessons of fear, filling the brain of the poor little girl with spectres of horrible import, and beasts of hideous form, so that when the shadows fell upon the cave hut, Chip, if alone, crept shuddering into her bed, and knew no God of whom to invoke peace and protection. But she had also told her that away beyond the precincts of her isolated dwelling-place, beyond the hills which she had watched glittering and glowing with the treasures of sun and dew, was the great world, where houses were made of solid gold, and streets were filled with flowers, and angels with shining wings; and there was the softest light there, and the richest music, and she should have whatever she wanted, and learn strange and wonderful things, and see sights of splendor.

At this, the poor little child, who had never, within her recollection, seen one human face or heard one human voice, saw those of the old Indian woman, who told her that she found her growing one morning in the shape of a great tulip, and when she plucked it, it changed into a little girl, this poor heathen child palpitated from head to foot with delicious pleasure. Her eyes enlarged and shone like stars; she kept drawing her breath in great sighs, and seemed from excessive delight.

"Shall we see the bad creatures, too?" she suddenly asked, shivering at the thought, "and if we do, can you keep them away from me?"

"I told them all this morning that I should pass through the woods with you, and commanded them to go to their hiding-places in the dark caves that stretch whole miles under the earth, and where all the winds and the storms, the thunder and the lightning are kept," replied the old woman, with a gravity that might have impressed an older person than Chip.

"I can do as I please with them," she continued, "but I shall not let you see the beautiful streets and houses till I please; see, I blind your eyes now," and she made a few magnetic passes over the child's forehead.

"There, now you will see nothing until I am ready. Then will come a great king with a splendid crown upon his head, and he will take you to his palace, and make you a little queen."

"Oh," cried the was child, with sparkling eyes and eager face, clapping her hands as she spoke, "I am so glad!"

"Take your fill of it, then," muttered her strange companion, turning her back, "you will never be glad again, mayhap."

After they had eaten their simple meal, the old woman, bidding the child remain quiet, went out to take a look at the little semblance of a grave. Trying the board, to see that it was firmly imbedded in the ground, and then gazing over it with an air of triumph, she again entered the cave, and prepared the child for its first entrance into the world surrounding its limited dwelling place. The rain was over, and the sun, fresh from the baptism of the elements, had commenced to gild the tree-tops, and mountain sides, and the little, dark hollows formed by the rain, glittered like diamonds.

All things were duly prepared, and the Indian woman and her poor little protégée commenced their journey down the sides of the hill. For the first half-hour, the child moved briskly along, casting timid glances on every side, and then she began to be so weary, that Mother Kurstegan lifted her in her arms, and the little creature cuddled there more in fear than in love, while her strange protector took her steady steps along the path that none but her practised eye could hope to discern.

"Won't the wicked folks follow us?" whispered the child.

"No, no! Hark, while I talk to them!" and she began, in a low, monotonous tone:

"Awry, ye spirits of evil;
Awry, ye souls of liars;
I see your bright eyes twinkle
Like jewels under the sea-weed;
You follow the edge of my shadow,
But you cannot hide in its color;
Your trail is over the spotted herb,
Your fingers have touched the winter-green;
You've left your scent on the wet ground,
And your slimy touch on the brown leaves;
The loud grass rustle is under your feet,
The yellow lily upon your heads,
Your beds are made in the rank grass;
Back, ye spirits of evil!
I cannot give this child to ye!"

All this time, poor little Chip, with her eyes closed hard, and scarcely breathing for fear, lay trembling, and dreading she knew not what, but presently, feeling a cooler wind upon her

check, she suddenly found herself thrust through an aperture, standing and shivering on the wet ground, the water-drops sparkling as they dripped on her head from the branches of the great elm.

"There!" exclaimed Mother Kurstegan, "we are out of the woods, and now, before we see those great sights, we must walk on, on, a long ways till the sun goes down."

The child scarcely heard, such new and mingled emotions took possession of her hitherto imprisoned soul. She gazed about her. The sun lay in great red swathes over a large field but lately mown; and the grass glistened as if every spear was golden-tipped. The sky above! such masses of shining blue! such a wide, wonderful, glorious expanse, gemmed with thousands of little white clouds, soft as the snow, and lustrous as silver! She walked along, winged-footed; her eyes dilated, and were filled with a fiery delight. The tints of crimson and yellow that painted the woods as with banners splendidly dyed, she could not gaze at sufficiently. The few orchards she passed were hung with tempting fruit; the wheat fields glistening, the road bordered with flowers of beautiful colors; oh, what a new world had she found!

The day was almost gone. The Indian cake had been eaten for dinner many hours ago, and foot-sore and tired, poor Chip could not walk any farther. She was very hungry; her little feet were bleeding—for although Mother Kurstegan had pitied her in her savage way, and taken her up many times, the child was wholly unaccustomed to walking, and her feet were thinly protected. Evening was coming on, and the child, to whom the novelty of sight-seeing had grown stale, wondered when she should see those great people, dressed so finely, and, above all, the king with a crown on his head.

Mother Kurstegan looked about her and saw in the distance the bright red roof of a barn. She placed Chip on a rock by the way-side, cunningly concealing her, as she thought, by the bushes, and bidding her be quiet till her return, on peril of being eaten alive, left her to beg some refreshment. Scarcely had she gone out of sight before poor little Chip, wearied almost to death, began to cry bitterly. As she sat there, the tears falling over her white cheeks, she saw, far down the road, a strange thing that looked so evil, she did not doubt it was one of those frightful beings that the old woman had often conjured up in the wilds of her lonely home. She grew colder and whiter, and held her breath, and clasped her hands without power to move as the terrible object, with a noise that seemed louder than thunder, came rumbling along, with two fearful creatures abreast. She could not scream—could not cry out, but her blood crept, and her heart beat heavily against her little bosom.

"Halloa!" shouted a coarse voice; "that's somethin' human."

The monster market-wagon came to a dead stand opposite the frightened child, and a man with a heavy beard, and slouching straw-hat flapping over his sun-burned face, and upon his farmer's frock, surveyed the shrinking child fixedly.

"Got lost, little one?" he asked.

No answer—only the wild eyes glared, and seemed to throb with fright.

"Halloa! Say, little girl, are you lost?" he asked again. Still the child was utterly incapable of replying, but she sobbed and moaned in a pitiful way.

"Well! this is a strange fix for a young 'un like that, seems to me. Must bin walking all day, too; little feet bleeding—she's looked tired to death. Here little one," he soliloquised, moving to descend from his wagon; "night's a coming mighty fast, and whether you're strayed, lost, or stolen, I shall take you up and tote you home—'tain't more'n a Christian duty. Whoa! stan' still, Jeff, while I git out and take this youngster in. Guess it's a fool, the way she stares, but that ain't none of my business."

Chip had not stirred, could not move. A deadly sickness came over her as she felt the grasp of the strong-handed man, and found herself swinging up in the great wagon, and presently deposited upon some soft straw behind the seat. Fear had paralyzed every energy; she shivered with a vague horror that she was to be thrown into some hole with all the imaginary hobgoblins that her demented old keeper had taught her to fear. Meanwhile Mother Kurstegan had gained the house, while little dreaming, as she paused to tell a young girl's fortune, that the treasure she had periled so much to obtain and to keep, was even then a mile from the spot where she had left it in seeming security.

CHAPTER IX.

MATTERS AT THE INN.

The new baby had been washed and dressed, the chamber put to rights, the breakfast prepared and placed smoking hot upon the table, the pyramid of curls, loosened from their paper enclosures, and the day's washing, stewing, and boiling planned out at the old tavern, all before seven in the morning, by the redoubtable Mastina, maid of all work, nurse, and general director. Arrayed in a gown of neat gingham, that displayed her round, buxom form to advantage, Mastina prepared to wait upon the table, as one and another came down and drew up to the smoking breakfast. Mastina's homely but frank and ruddy face wore an absent look on this particular morning, and when not occupied, she tugged assiduously at the little cork-screw curls that stood straight out over her eyebrows like the ears of a refractory mule; her black eyes wandered often to the door, and whenever the latch clicked, the tell-tale color burnt her cheeks.

"Seems to me you're out of sorts this morning," said the teamster, handing his plate for another out of cold bacon.

"That's nothing; I always am when you come," retorted the girl, saucily.

"Hate me the worst kind, don't you?" said the teamster, ironically.

"No, for the more I see you the worse I hate you," she replied, drawing the laugh as usual on him.

"Well, don't worry, he'll be down pretty soon," rejoined the young man, with a slight dash of bitterness in his tone. The speech took instant effect. Mastina blushed scarlet, and for the first time was at a loss for a reply; and to add to her confusion, the youth towards whom it was plain all her thoughts and the battery of her charms were directed, entered at

that moment, and, with a careless good morning, took a seat at the table. He certainly was a handsome fellow with his red, well cut lips, bold forehead, and happy smile. Then, too, his eyes were so beautiful! gray, dashed with brown—deep, mirthful, liquid eyes. He cast a searching look towards Mastina, and could not for his life train his lips to steadiness when he caught the ludicrous effect of her stiff black curls, and remembered the mirth-provoking diabolical of the preceding night. With recovered equanimity, however, he asked after her health, and as in gallantry bound, that of the frightened mother and her infant. He praised the coffee and Mastina's white biscuits warmly, in order to make up for any little want of courtesy he might have betrayed; but the teamster, who had been all but the affianced lover of the stout country maid, began to fidget in his chair.

"Yes, 'twas all right enough stween us, afore you came," at last he exclaimed, unable to restrain his indignation any longer. Park was jesting with him upon Mastina's improved appearance.

"Till I came?" echoed the astonished youth.

"Yes, till you came; oh! you needn't tell me. I heard your complimenting speeches this morning. I know who she curled her hair for."

At this, the young man fell into a fit of immoderate laughter, entreating pardon as often as he could recover his breath, and the jealous teamster stood, very red in the face, undecided whether to knock him down or to join the laugh.

"I do assure you," said Park, when he had recovered his equanimity, "I had not the most distant thought of such a thing; I am really sorry I have innocently given you occasion for pain, and I'll make it all right, you may depend."

Mastina, who was really fancy-smitten with the handsome youth of eighteen, was at this moment up-stairs, expatiating on his charms to her invalid sister-in-law, while at the same time she arranged the tray of tea and toast, took the bundle of flannel out of her sister's arms, and pushed the wheeled arm-chair closer toward the bed with her foot.

"He said some very pretty things to me, and asked after you so polite;" she went on, arranging things to her liking as she spoke, turning up the ruffles from the thin small hands of her sister-in-law, adjusting her cap-strings, and smoothing her collar.

"Seems to me you're quite taken with him," responded the invalid.

"Lai no; only as things goes," replied Mastina, suddenly perceiving a pin behind her sister's chair; "but then when one is so handsome, and such eyes! laws me!" and a real, genuine sigh came plump from the fair bosom of the capable Mastina.

"Jake wouldn't let her hear you talk that way," said little Mrs. Goodale.

"Jake!" cried Mastina, indignantly, "as if I cared anything about that coarse, clumsy, homely, red-faced, thick-handed horse-driver! What is there gentlemanly about him? always joking indoors, and swearing out; smelling of the stable, and, ugh! hark! there's Job a calling of me. I suppose that sprig of gentility is up and waiting breakfast about this time, with his long cloak on his shoulders. Here, take the baby, I must go."

As she was about to descend, Le Vaug, pale, haggard and remorseful, having rested none during the night, had come down to breakfast, and Mastina was required to broil the wing of a chicken. After she had prepared it, and, standing opposite, was quietly turning out his tea, he looked uneasily at him, and at last asked where the boy Nick was.

"The young gentleman was so very kind," began Mastina, and then conscious that she had begun at the wrong end of the story, she corrected herself by adding: "Nick was hurt last night, sir," she said; "he run into my brother's room after they was asleep, and almost frightened them to death, and hurt his ankle very bad; and the kind young gentleman, Mr. Dinmore, sir, said to let it put it to rights, which, as it was his left foot, sir, was doing very well, I think, sir; but Nick couldn't walk nor even stan', poor fellow, it hurt so bad this morning."

An expression of pain passed across the face of Le Vaug, and for a brief moment he covered his eyes with his hand. Turning to young Dinmore, who, leaning carelessly back in his chair, was looking most provokingly handsome, he said, "how long is the boy to be laid up with this accident, sir, surgeon? A week! you must be a skillful practitioner, sir." The smile attendant upon this little speech was intended to be playful, but a more haggard, woe-begone countenance never disfigured human countenance.

Le Vaug said no more till he had finished his meal, and then asked how long the young man intended to remain?

"A week or a fortnight," Park answered, sending a full tide of joy up into Mastina's rosy face, and an ominous frown along the weather-seamed brow of the teamster.

"I shall stay also," responded the other, in an undertone, "at least till that boy is well; I have something for him to do."

"Durned if I stay," muttered the teamster.

An hour afterward, the conscious maid of all work was busy in the chambers, beating up the full ticks that dimpled with the ready grace of real country feather-beds, and with a roly-poly kind of roundness and sleekness puffed out under Mastina's strong hands. At last she came to the little room occupied by Park Dinmore. It was the prettiest room in all the house; she had selected it for him because he was so young and handsome, and also because sundry flowers, graceful as young cabbage sprouts, hung in wooden frames on the yellow-washed walls, with her name, "Mastina Goodale—painted Anno Domini, etc.," printed in a round, school-girl hand underneath. With what a beating heart she entered this sanctum sanctorum! It was a low celled apartment, like all the rooms of the inn, but it rejoiced in newer furniture and a brighter polish, fringed curtains, and a looking-glass almost lost in the labyrinth of an immense wooden frame. A carpet bag stood near the door, carefully locked. Equivocal order reigned, belying the inn-born good taste and delicacy of a true gentleman. The counterpane was spread over the ruffled bed, and the towels laid neatly across the pitcher-top. Mastina felt the contrast between this room and the others, with their wet towels on the floor, brushes scattered about, and clothes in

every variety of disorder. Upon the table in this room stood pen and ink, near some delicate sheets of note paper, and a small miniature case lay beside. On one of the rose-colored pages were traced a few bold lines, at which Mastina glanced, and then—poor girl! the weakness of Eve, unsubdued by the dilution of countless generations, was strong within her. Again and again she gazed towards the miniature, and finally, with a sinking heart, she shut the door, drew the bolt, and tremblingly ventured to open the case. Alas! poor love-smitten Mastina, what thou didst gaze on there! a face of such budding beauty, with such tender and poetic blue eyes, and its exquisite hair the color of gold. It was like and unlike the owner; much more delicate, and younger; and on the opposite side, written in the finest hand, were the words, "my Mary."

"It may be his sister," murmured the smitten girl, her hand trembling as she replaced it, "and," she added slowly, "it may not be." Her eye wandered to the unfinished note. Now, according to all the rules of politeness, she should have turned decisively away from the tempting missive, but Mastina knew no rules save those of self-gratification or necessity. Mastina was rude as nature had made her, from the core of her heart to the tips of her finger-nails, and she really could not see why she had not a perfect right to read any missive left in her way. So curiosity came off victor. The note, purposely left by the astonished object of her sudden passion, as the reader may suppose, read as follows:

"Dear M.—My own Darling:—
It shall be just as you say; we will be married on the twenty-third; but meanwhile—"

Unconsciously Mastina tightened her hold on the delicate paper, and left the impress of a thumb somewhat large and soiled. This, in the intensity of her feeling, she did not observe; but fingering the unfinished letter down, threw her apron over her head, and wept like a child.

After indulging sufficiently in this peculiarly feminine recourse, she dashed her tears away, and flew about her work with a savage ardor that made the very walls quake. The pillows almost squealed in her grasp, and the poor bed was nipped and squeezed, pinched, rolled and beaten, till it looked like an abused jelly-bag. She even bestowed an energetic kick upon the poor carpet-bag that stood with its mouth open, and its whole demeanor offensive in the extreme.

Then turning to the little glass that always seemed straining to show itself, she made sundry faces, as if to impress upon that reflective article of furniture its stupidity in answering to a face so hideous as that of poor Mastina Goodale, who might never hope to win anything superior to the hand and heart of an itinerant driver of laden teams, the extent of whose business vocabulary was "whoa" and "git up, Jean."

Returning to the room of her sister-in-law, she went directly up to her, and placing her arms akimbo, exclaimed, "Now, tell me if I don't look like a great fool, with my hair all pinked up this fashion?"

The little woman, astonished at the abruptness of the question, turned the living bit of flannel in her arms, and replied, rather hesitatingly: "You don't look so well, Mastina, unless your hair curled natural; your hair never would curl like mine, Mastina. Now, all I have to do is to dip my head in a bucket, and twist it round about my fingers, and it just hangs in the beautifullest ringlets. Oh, I do hope little tell 'll have curly hair! I always prayed the Lord that my children might be handsome!"

"Hum!" said Mastina, and swung herself out of the room. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A French peasant woman recently appeared before a tribunal to complain of the ill-usage she received from her husband. "What pretext had he for beating you?" inquired the president. "Please, sir, he didn't have no pretext—it was a thick stick."

The Southern Cultivator says: "It is a solemn fact that not one marriageable girl out of twenty can make a really good cup of coffee."

A fact so serious as this should immediately engage the attention of all marriageable girls. Shouldn't it?

Mr. Dubois is so skeptical that he won't believe even the report of a cannon.

Alexander Smith, the poet, has recently married Miss Flora Macdonald, of Skye. It is perhaps, quite natural that a poet who draws most of his imagery from the sky, should look there for a wife, and "bring an angel down!"

Astronomy was first studied by the Moors, and was by them introduced into Europe in 1201. The rapid progress of modern astronomy dates from the time of Copernicus. Books of astronomy and geometry were destroyed, as infected with magic, in England, under the reign of Edward VI., in 1552.

The quickened seed of "empowered the throne, The weed, the worm, the blight; While vigorous leaf and ripening corn, Succulent, cheered the sight."

What gave so soon the harvest pride To life's unending years? The heavenly husbandman replied, "The seed was steeped in tears!"

A GREEN HAND.—A sailor, the other day, in describing his first efforts to become nautical, said that, just at the close of a dark night, he was sent aloft to see if he could see a light. As he was no great favorite with the lieutenant, he was not hailed for some hours.

"Aloft there!" at length was heard from the lieutenant. "Aye, aye, sir." "Do you see a light?" "Yes, sir." "What light?" "Day-light, by jingo!"

Two young bulls of equal bravery, though by no means equally matched in size and strength, happening to meet near the front of a dual mansion, began a fierce battle, the noise of which soon drew to one of the windows the lady of the palace. To her infinite terror, she beheld her only son—a boy between five and six years of age—bolting with a fearful cudgel the stouter of the warriors.

"Donald, Donald, what are you about?" exclaimed the affrighted mother. "Helping the little bull," was the gallant reply.

It is not what people eat, but what they digest that makes them strong. It is not what they gain, but what they save that makes them rich. It is not what they read, but what they remember that makes them learned. It is not what they profess, but what they practise that makes them righteous. These are very plain and important truths, too little heeded by gluttons, spendthrifts, bookworms, and hypocrites.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Sent up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of the POST is \$2 a year in advance—sent in the city by Carriers—or a cents a single number.

The POST is believed to have a larger country circulation than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

The POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of the POST are generally obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newswriter. Owing, however, to the great and increasing demand for the Paper, these back numbers had better apply as early as possible, our rule being "First come, first served."

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising column.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND.) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c. &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the two following novels, BOTH OF WHICH WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD; A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

An Original Novel, written for the Post by Mrs. MARY A. DENISON, Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE WAR TRAIL; A Romance of the War with Mexico, BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

At the close of "Chip," we design commencing one of the following—ALL OF WHICH WILL ALSO BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY AS THEY ARE PUBLISHED, WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novel, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah," "The Child Medium," &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Lost of the Wilderness," &c. &c.

In addition to the above list of contributions we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined.—"My Native Home;" "The Old Man's Bride;" "My Evening Stroll;" "The But a Step." E. R. L. North Hero. Respectfully declined.

LIGHT, HEAT AND RAIN, AT DISCRETION.

The adventurous genius of a French writer in one of the Paris journals has, as we learn from recent foreign papers, suggested a means of obtaining artificial light and heat, which is decidedly novel, to say the least of it. He starts with the assumption that volcanoes are the natural safety valves by which the subterranean gas-escape, which exists below the earth's crust, escapes into the air. Without these outlets, the pent-up element would, in its efforts to be free, shatter our globe into fragments. His plan is simply to bore artesian wells through the earth's crust till the gas is reached. This we not only sluice off the volcanoes, but we utilize the destructive vapor in the earth's interior. There will then be no more eruptions—no more Herculeans or Pompeis submerged in an overflow of burning lava forced from the crater by the efforts of the too closely pent element to free itself—no more earthquakes occurring for the same reason. As fast as the earth manufactures the coal-gas in its capacious bowels, we draw it up through our perforations, and consume it. The globe is then our gigantic gasometer. The gas-manufacturer's occupation is gone; the coal companies explode, and the wood dealers retire from business; candles, oil, coal, wood, turf, and all our modern means of heat and illumination are dispensed with. A cheaper, better, and more universal substitute is provided, and whoever wants it can have it at a most economical rate. Nature makes gas for us in great quantities for nothing; all the expense to us is the first cost of boring terra firma, and the after cost of manufacturing gas pipes, metres, and other gas-works, and keeping them in repair.

All this looks so delightfully plausible on paper, that one hardly knows whether to laugh at it or not. Why the French writer's plan is not practicable, it would perhaps, be difficult to conclusively say. Chemists and geologists might possibly reply that it is by no means a certain thing that coal-gas exists under every part of the earth's surface. They might urge that certain constituents and conditions of the soil are necessary to its generation, and that these constituents and conditions are only found in certain sections. Science has a good deal to say before bold theories can be accepted. But our daring Frenchman would, possibly, answer the chemists and geologists to the effect that all their objections were based on conjecture, and that his theory that the subterranean gas uniformly exists at different depths under the earth's crust, is as good as a million objections. The joke of the thing is that there is sufficient scientific fact established to render his theory exceedingly plausible. In China, according to Dr. Draper (and Dr. Draper is authority), you find these very artesian borings, and for this very purpose. These shallow-

ly bored men with preposterous pig-tails, whom we make so much fun of, have actually perforated the earth to the depth of three thousand feet, in order to arrive at this identical subterranean coal-gas, and have used it as it should be used. If they have done this, why cannot Christendom do it, too?

Not being scientific enough to say why Christendom cannot, we amuse our fancy by imagining the thing perfectly possible. There is the gas under the crust. Bore down to it, and it will exhale up to us. Light it, and it will burn. Why not, then? True, the coal companies would suffer, the wood-dealers would close their yards, the tallow chandlers and oil-merchants would shut up shop, and the whale-ships would no more boil blubber. This thing being done, little private interests here and there would be temporarily damaged, but the great public would gain enormous advantages. What a revolution we should witness! No more dim dwellings or dark cities, no more insufficient warmth in poor men's homes when winter is sharp and fuel is high. Bounteous, perpetual, inexhaustible supplies of light and heat everywhere, at a trivial expense. Gas-fires and gas-lights in all places; all rooms warm in bitter weather with the one, and all brilliant in the evening with the other. Our obscure and darkened towns and cities suddenly realizing, by means of this cheap and liberal supply of flame from the subterranean empire of the gnomes and salamanders, that description—the *lumières*—gives of the city he saw in India, which was lighted by an immense ball of light on the summit of a high pillar, the illumination from which was as bright as day!

As we have said, the Frenchman's idea looks so specious, that we are at a loss to know whether we ought to laugh or not. Christendom has so often laughed to scorn new ideas, inventions and discoveries which afterwards turned out well, that we are getting cautious. There is hardly an improvement or discovery of any kind, that we now accept and enjoy, that was not received at its first appearance with unalloyed and uproarious derision. The fact makes us sober over our French friend's proposition, and stays mirth with the reflection that they laugh best who win.

Our French friend does not, however, stop at artificial light and heat obtained by this method. He goes on to consider how we may prevent droughts by having rain storms at discretion. Gas from the globe being cheap and plentiful, he proposes that we shall take advantage of what he evidently considers a scientific law of the atmosphere, and make rain with our surplus vapor. His plan is to let the gas escape from our artesian bores into the air for a few minutes, and when it has risen to the proper altitude, ignite it by means of an electrical kite. A single flash, says he, and then a shower would follow. The amount of rain we wish, he says, could be regulated to perfection by our gas metre. We confess that this theory puzzles us a little. How a flash of flame in the air would produce rain, is a secret to us. It might possibly be done by the change in the atmospheric currents which the jar given to the air by the explosion of the gas, would produce. An eminent scientific friend of ours maintains that rain may be enforced at will by the effect produced on the air by the firing of artillery. It is noticeable that the night or the day following any of our gala-days—Fourth of July, for instance—when there is so much cannonading, is usually, if not always, rainy. Rain, it is said, follows earthquakes. Here is a question for scientific investigation.

One good effect such adventurous theories have, is to set us to speculating seriously on the physical possibilities of the globe on which we live. No one knows what splendid secrets we might wring from the elements, by patient skillful, and intrepid examination. At present human intellect and energy are mainly wasted petty and useless affairs. What marvellous sights might follow the abstraction of human power from the isolated and selfish aims which most men live, and its devotion to the great objects of increasing the comfort and happiness of mankind! It is not unwise to say, "God gave us this earth on which we dwell for our problem. He leaves us free to discover its powers, its possibilities, its uses. He gives us capacity and ability to master the elements and turn them to our service. This is our work. Wrapped up in earth, sea, air, are secrets of the simpler, fuller, higher, better life. Human attention once broadly turned the labor of attaining a more beautiful scientific way of existence, not for a private good, but for the public good of the world—not for one man,

New Publications.

THE HOUSEHOLD EDITION OF THE WATERSLEY NOVELS.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have issued the first eight volumes of their beautiful edition of the novels of Sir Walter Scott, comprising WATERSLEY, THE ANTIQUARY, GUY MANNERING, and ROS ROY. To persons familiar with the publications of this firm, which has, as we think, a peculiar genius for publishing, it is unnecessary to say anything in commendation of the style in which these famous books are issued. To others we may say, that we know of no American edition of the works of Sir Walter Scott that can compare with this for portability, elegance and all the qualities we desire to see embodied in a book. The type is large and clear—the paper white and firm—the size eminently convenient to the hand—the binding strong, plain, tasteful and serviceable—and the engravings, which are from pictures of artists of such eminence as Birket Foster, Darley, Landseer, Harvey and Faed, are executed with skill and spirit. We can think of no reason why this should not be the chosen edition of every household in the country that wishes to possess the works of the great novelist. Its price—seventy-five cents a volume—a sum little mislaid and easily spared twice a month from the pocket of any person of moderate means—puts it within the reach of thousands.

Of the character of the novels themselves, we need say nothing. They belong now as much to our lives as the works of Shakespeare, Bunyan and Defoe, authors that are not only famous, but, in the broadest sense, popular. They are read as Hamlet, the Pilgrim's Progress, and Robinson Crusoe are read—by the people. Their spirit has permeated the thoughts, and influenced the life, of Christendom, for the last thirty years, and the influence has generally been for good. They are eminently healthy and genial. No young person can receive contamination from their bright and picturesque pages. They have nothing mean, nothing morbid, nothing low, nothing impure. If they principally yield to the mind only entertainment, the entertainment is of the most instructive and elevating kind. Would that we could say as much of all works of fiction.

THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS—THIRDS OF WARROW. By Miss Jane Porter. Dicks & Jackson, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Old friends in new clothes, and welcome! Who has not glowed and wept alternately, in his or her young days, over the story of Wallace and Bruce, and followed the fortunes of Thiodolf? Here are the old stories in large type on nice paper—the stories which when read bring back the most delicious hours of youth. They interested the last half-century as few works did beside Sir Walter Scott's, and are the best specimens, Sir Walter's aside, of the historical romances of that period. Indeed, English historical romance began with Miss Porter, and Scott owed his idea to her. Arise again to public notice, the books will have, as they deserve, many readers, particularly among young people whose parents will naturally wish them to enjoy a pleasure which they themselves once found so alluring.

ADAM GRAEME, OF MORRISBY. By Mrs. Oliphant. Dicks, Dick & Fitzgerald, New York. For sale by Willis P. Hazard, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Oliphant is already well known by her admirable tales "Zaidee," "Magdalen Heppburn," and "Margaret Maitland." "Adam Graeme" must take high rank among her stories. A noble beauty and pathos pervade it. Its tone is subdued and earnest, though a tender geniality, like pale sunshine, fits through it. Wordsworth's spirit haunts the pages. As a story it is very interesting, and many of its characters are clearly and finely colored. The delineations of natural scenery which it contains, are remarkable for pictorial power and accuracy. Like all Mrs. Oliphant's pictures of out-door scenes, they breathe the fragrance of the Scottish heather. The work itself has a quality which subtly reminds one of the odor of wood violets.

THE BRITISH POETS. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Three volumes of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.'s admirable edition of the British Poets, which we have so often commended. Two volumes contain the poems of Chatterton—"the marvellous boy who perished in his pride;" the other has the poetical works of the brave and grand old Puritan, Andrew Marvell, the friend of Milton and Cromwell. His poems are as remarkable for pungent wit, brilliant fancy, and terse, strong thought, as their author was for inflexible integrity, chivalry, and magnanimity.

BISHOPS OF CHARITY, CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT; AND THE COMMUNION OF LABOR. By Mrs. Jane Porter. Dicks & Jackson, New York. For sale by W. P. Hazard, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Jameson needs no recommendation to those already acquainted with her writings. This book contains two essays, which belong to the woman question not only in England, but in America. They are beautifully clear, forcible and eloquent, and in some parts, to use Sidney's phrase, "stir the blood as with the sound of a trumpet." They ought to be, and we hope will be, widely read.

THE DIARY OF AN ENTHUSIAST. By Mrs. Jameson. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Another reprint of an early work of this famous author, bound up in Messrs. Ticknor & Fields' favorite fairy blue and gold. It contains many remarks and opinions on art and natural scenery in Europe, and to people that enjoy such topics as it treats of, it is pleasant reading for these shady summer hours.

EROS AND ANTIROS. By Judith Caxton. Budd & Carlton, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

A love story, somewhat unreal and romantic, but vivid and vigorous, and with considerable interest. It has, also, some metaphysical power and penetration, and, if it is a first book, promises fairly for the future efforts of the author.

MARRIOTT'S WORKS. Derby & Jackson, New York.

For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. "The Pacha of Many Tales," and "Frank Midway, or the Naval Officer," are the titles of the last two volumes of Messrs. Derby & Jackson's handsome edition of Marriott.

A MANUAL OF ETIQUETTE, OR, HOW TO BEHAVE. Fowler & Wells, Philadelphia.

A good manual of etiquette, containing also many useful hints for the conduct of life.

Paris Letter.

A BRILLIANT SCENE—A GOOD IDEA—SHOP-WINDOWS—FLORAL GLORIES—A GARDEN IN LILLIPUT—IMPERIAL FROLICS—ASTONISHED CARRY—FOOD AND FIKERY.

PARIS, May 21, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

A more brilliant coup d'œil than that offered by Paris, with its long lines of magnificent houses, and its innumerable domes and spires, against this glorious blue sky, it would be difficult to find. The beautiful white freestone used here for building, the ornamental architecture so generally in vogue, the shining gray tiles of the roofs, the gay, striped awnings at the windows, the trees, the flowers, the many-colored crowd in the streets, with the brilliant equipages, the flags, and the dazzling flood of sunlight we have been favored with for the last fortnight, all conspire to give a most exhilarating, sparkling, festive look to this pleasant city. Strangers are here in shoals; and prices are frightful.

The rage for ornament seems constantly on the increase. The Louvre is one mass of carving and sculpture outside; of carving and gilding within. Private houses follow the fashion; and even the dead walls so common here, owing to the mode of building the houses on so large a scale, are being turned to account. The French, who build their houses in hollow squares round a central court, all of whose windows necessarily stare one another in the face, are excessively jealous of being overlooked by the windows of any other house; and owners have a legal right to prevent a new comer from opening windows that would look upon the garden, (if there be one,) or the windows of his predecessors. Hence the vast numbers of dead walls alluded to, and than which, nothing can well be uglier. The wealthy owners of houses condemned to look upon these uniform surfaces of stone and mortar, are beginning to paint the latter in such a way as to obviate their unsightliness. Thus, in front of the drawing-rooms of one of the magnificent gilded hotels of the rue de Talbott, a great ugly, windowless wall has just been covered with a smooth surface of plaster, on which is painted a really beautiful landscape, representing an opening in a forest. In the foreground are masses of flowers, a river, and rocks; behind, the magnificent denizens of the forest, gnarled and mossy giants, sending down deep shadows relieved with vivid lights; the background being filled with faint blue mountain peaks. This landscape, painted in fresco, being admirably done, and the perspective carefully adapted to the point of view afforded by the windows for whose look-out it is designed, the illusion is remarkably good, and the effect extremely pleasing.

The photographers are busily at work "making hay" during this glorious sunshine. So beautiful are the sheets exposed by them, that it is difficult to pass the windows of Giroux's and other shops where the best specimens are exhibited. Among the fine buildings, landscapes, and flower-pieces thus shown, are three sea-views—more glittering expanses of water, flecked with here and there a distant sail—so beautiful that crowds are constantly arrested by them. These same tempting windows are just now particularly attractive. Several samples of oak-carving—chairs, bookcases, coffers, &c.—in which wreaths, birds, squirrels, and flowers seem to have suddenly been turned into wood; a magnificent toilette, in silver, just completed for the Princess de G—, with ewers, basins, essence-bottles, boxes, brushes, mirrors, candlesticks, &c., all exquisitely chased in the precious metal; mechanical toys that set the children (young and old) beside themselves with admiration; and hosts of fanciful trifles, all rich, elegant, and novel are there, asking for a glance as you pass by. Among these pretty things, Giroux has just exhibited some little *jardinières* of a new kind, consisting of a sort of China dish, or slab, about 8 inches long, and 5 deep, representing the floor of a Chinese room; on each side are ranged tiny tubs of porcelain, each holding its minute plant, ranged one behind the other, on a row of steps. At the top of these steps sits a Chinese, in all the glory of pigtail and trowsers, apparently enjoying his fragrant surroundings. This pretty conceit, not larger than a common table inkstand, contains nine cacti and other plants, dwarfed, and growing as vigorously as though in pots a hundred times as big. These *jardinières* have been made in China to order, the porcelain of which they are composed, being painted with all the richness of color and sublime contempt of natural proportions for which the Celestial artists are so renowned.

The shops of Paris constitute, in fact, a permanent exhibition of art, and interest the public in a high degree. Nothing is more common than for friends to form a party for the simple purpose of lounging through the principal streets just to see the new things in the windows.

A few days ago, the curiosity of the *faneurs*, in the rue de la Paix, famous for the luxurious elegance of its shops, were astounded at spying in the window of a fashionable jeweller four common pins, old, dull, crooked bits of brass wire, from which all signs of their ancient shining had departed. Why were these four old pins displayed thus in one of the most brilliant shops of Paris?

These pins belonged to a certain count, who took more interest in politics than was agreeable to the unconstitutional government of his native land, and he was accordingly seized and thrown into a dungeon about as dark as the soul of the tyrant, his sovereign. There he was searched from head to foot, and everything that could serve to suggest a thought was taken from him. By chance, four pins, stuck into the lining of his coat, escaped the eyes of the police. In order to preserve his mental sanity amidst the terrible fixity of this imprisonment, the count devised a curious use to make of these invaluable treasures. In the morning, he closed his eyes and threw the four pins over his head. He then set himself resolutely, perseveringly, to search for them, creeping about the floor of his dungeon on his hands and knees, scrupulously investigating every corner and cranny, for three or four days together, until he had found them. This employment, sole alleviation of the crushing monotony of his dungeon, lasted for six years! A popular outbreak having opened the count's prison, he would not leave

it without having carefully collected the objects which had enabled him to preserve his reason. On his return to his family, his wife begged of him, as the most precious of gifts, these four pins, which she has caused to be worked up into a sort of jewel, and enriched with ten thousand francs' worth of diamonds.

The impossibility, for the principal French artists, of finishing their pictures by the early date fixed for the opening of the forthcoming Fine Arts Exhibition, has compelled a postponement of the same until the 15th of next month. Meantime the government, having purchased the Palace of Industry, with a view to using it for purposes of exhibition, has loaned the ground-floor of this vast structure to the Horticultural Society, which has to-day inaugurated there its annual display. Whatever may be the diversity of opinion with regard to the capacity of this pleasant people to manage its own political affairs, and those of the world in general, the work for which they seem to imagine themselves to be born! there can be none with regard to the admirable taste and skill with which they get up anything ornamental.

This exhibition opened to-day, and—I wish I could have lent my eyes to your readers, while visiting the fairy-like scene, as I did an hour ago, expressly for their delectation. The whole ground-floor is covered with a thick layer of gravel, and laid out as a vast garden. The four great entrances are lined with groves of young firs, each with just root enough to keep it, (with constant watering,) fresh and living through the fortnight's display. The entire circumference of the nave is bordered in the same manner. A vast expanse of turf, with beds of flowers, a winding canal about six feet wide, fed by the central fountain, and crossed by a rustic bridge, covered with ivy; broad belts of foreign shrubs and gorgeous flowers all round you; seats, gravelled walks, and the beautiful effects of light from the canvas-covered roof, with its flags and stained-glass pictures, and the tasteful medallions on the fronts of the galleries, produce an effect so charming that they would all most certainly have thanked me for the loan. Being perfectly ventilated, the fragrance of the masses of flowers, and the penetrating sweetness of the scene, are simply delicious; and the musical fall of the fountains, with the singing and twittering of birds in the aviaries, add greatly to the harmony of the general impression.

And the fruit! the grapes, strawberries, melons, almonds, peaches, raspberries, plums and pineapples! The potatoes, beans, peas, beets as big as bolsters, and cauliflowers that would cut up into wigs for whole benches of judges and bishops! The samples of the much-disputed Chinese Ignamie, from the little spinning concerns as big as your smallest finger, to be used for seed, to the splendid specimens grown for the table, twenty inches long, and six round, looking amazingly like the arms of plump mulatto children, with the brownest of skin and the whitest of meat, and throwing potatoes far into the shade! Samples of flour obtained from this most promising root, are also exhibited in neat boxes; much lighter and whiter than the finest wheaten flour.

Then there is the collection of Algerian roots, fruits, cottons and woods; all odd and interesting, and the fruit makes one's mouth water.—Cherries, lemons, oranges, and quantities of queer, but tempting-looking things, green, yellow or red, smelling so lovely that you would gladly set your teeth into them if you dared; onions as big as a little baby's head, and a great deal whiter; peppers, radishes, maize and tamarinds.

Among other curious things here, such as portable fountains and gardens, to ornament a parlor, improved beehives, and perfected garden chairs, is a specimen of gardener's art, by M. Herault, the well-known landscape gardener of this city, which sends the children into fits of rapture. Imagine a sort of tray, eight feet long and four and a-half wide, surrounded by an iron railing a few inches high, covered with earth, and laid out as a garden. Inside the railing is a close screen, or shrubbery, of dwarfed trees, pines, lilacs, myrtles &c., all strong and healthy, bordering a flower-bed devoted to plants so chosen as to represent flowering shrubs. Next is a winding gravel path, running round the whole. The centre is covered with a beautiful grass lawn, dotted over with clumps of trees; with four flower-beds at the corners, and in the middle one of the pretty patent "parlor fountains" aforesaid. In one part of the "grounds" is a mass of rockwork, with water flowing out of its hollows; in another an arbor; elsewhere a rustic table and seats. The whole is proportioned with so much taste and skill, that one is astonished at the completeness of the illusion produced. To show with what art the thing is done, I need only say that one of the tiny beds in the lawn contains *thirteen* rose-bushes, all in perfect condition, and covered with innumerable blossoms. The beds of verbena, heliotrope, &c., are composed of dwarf specimens all laden with flowers.

The Grand Duke left Paris on Saturday last. His entertainment at Fontainebleau seems to have been characterized by a degree of ease and relaxation of courtly etiquette such as could hardly have taken place near the capital. Very few guests were invited; and the intercourse of the Imperial, Royal and Noble personages amid the rural and sylvan charms of that enchanting spot, was much as it would have been among a party of ordinary mortals. On one occasion, the Empress took possession of a mound, which she determined to fortify, and keep possession of against the enemy. All the ladies ranged themselves on her side, the gentlemen on the other, under the command of the Grand Duke. In order to equalize the forces, the assailants undertook to make their assault hopping on one leg. Prodigious of valor were performed on both sides, in the course of which the beautiful Countess Prodeczluka, as aide-de-camp to the Empress, won great honor by her skillful strategical combinations. The Emperor, having penetrated into the heart of the place, was surrounded and made prisoner; the Empress was also carried off by a detachment under the orders of the Grand Duke, but was most gallantly rescued by a band of amazons, assisted by General Totleben, who deserted in the thickest of the *mêlée*, and passed to the camp of the besieged, to whom he rendered signal service. The engagement was brought to an end by the utter exhaustion of

both parties, caused even more by laughter than fatigue. On another occasion, games of prison-bars, running-matches, &c., occupied the court; the Empress being the leading spirit in these pleasant frolics. A magnificent ball, with fireworks on the largest piece of water, closed the hospitalities of the visit.

The Grand Duke passed two days at Paris before quitting this region. The Emperor came in to make him a farewell visit before he left; and the two put their Imperial pates together in a private interview of a couple of hours. The Emperor, wishing to make a visit to his old and devoted friend, Senator Viellard, who was lying at the point of death, came to town privately, with a single attendant, took a cab at the railway-station, and drove to his house. On alighting, having no change about him, he gave a bank note of 100 francs to the coachman, who was posting off to get change for the same, when the Emperor told him to keep it. The cabman, agape with astonishment, as his fare went into the house, demanded of the attendant who was the "bourgeois" who paid a drive in a cab at so astounding a rate.

"Why, who should it be but the Emperor?" answered the other, rather indignant that coachy should have failed to remark the well-known features of the chief of the State.

"The Emperor?" cried the man, thumping himself a famous blow on the head, "and there have I been behaving to him just as I'd a' done to anybody else!"

M. Viellard was the preceptor of the eldest son of Queen Hortense, whose paternity was universally attributed to the Emperor himself. The child was named Napoleon, was the image of his mother's step-father, and was adopted by Bonaparte as his intended heir. It was not until after his death, in one of the Italian campaigns, that Bonaparte thought of divorcing Josephine in the hope of an heir. A warm friendship has always subsisted between Louis Napoleon and the old man; and the interview is said to have been a very affecting one to both parties. M. Viellard is since dead.

The affair of Neufchâtel having been brought to a satisfactory close by Louis Napoleon, the journals are rejoicing over the splendid appearance of the crops. Vines and cereals are alike giving excellent promise; even from Greece we hear the best accounts of the vineyards, that, for so many years, have refused to supply the rest of the world with the "currants" so necessary to plum cake and mince-meat, but which now promise an abundant harvest. Owing to disease among silkworms, advices report silk as going up rapidly at Broussa, and becoming scarce in France and Italy.

QUANTUM.

PHILOSOPHY—AN EPIGRAM.

BY BROWN.

Once when a loaf of baker's bread
Fell from a shelf on Jones's head—
"The man, instead of bowing,
Observed, with countenance demure,
"One can't be sorry, I am sure,
To see that bread is falling!"

Other day a jolly doctor of this city, told us the other day, that people who were prompt in their payments always recovered from sickness, as they were good customers, and physicians could not afford to lose them.

There is a man in this city who has not partaken of any food for eleven days, and intends to live without food for the future. He has been recently married, and himself and wife are spiritualists. He sits at the table and takes hold of her hands while she does the eating. —*Boston Herald.*

The Minnesota Times, in saying that the Upper Mississippi is not yet opened, does not consider it very singular that the Father of Waters should have a cold in his head if he insists on keeping his mouth open eleven months in a year.

Experience—Like Time, it puts a man up to many a wrinkle.

Speeches measured by the hour die with the hour. —*Jefferson.*

Curtis, a celebrated writer on sight, says that the wearing of veils, permanently weakens many naturally good eyes, on account of the endeavors of the eye to adjust itself to the ceaseless vibration of the too common article of dress. Ladies, then should beware of hiding their pretty faces with veils.

A nervous man, whose life was made miserable by the clattering of two blacksmiths, prevailed upon each of them to remove, by the offer of a liberal pecuniary compensation. When the money was paid down, he kindly inquired what neighborhood they intended to remove to? "Why, sir," replied Jack, with a grin on his phiz, "Tom Smith moves to my shop, and I move to his!"

There is a man in White county, Illinois, who has a wife that has borne him sixteen children; the first six came by two, the nine by three—while the last one, poor helpless, lonely thing! came into this world without company. Sixteen children at seven births.

Horrid REVENGE.—If you wish to make your bitterest enemy miserable, make his child a present of a drum and a whistle-pipe.

"If officers abroad will have no mercy upon each other in correspondence, I entreat them to have some upon me, and confine themselves to the strict facts of the case, and to write no more than is necessary." —*Wellingford.*

If an Artist love his Art for its own sake, he will delight in excellence wherever he meets it, as well in the work of another as in his own. This is the test of true love.

"Please, sir," said a beggar to Scrooges, "couldn't you give me a little something? I had a bad fall from a ladder, when at work at my business, and have to live on charity, sir." "Nonsense," answered Scrooges, "I had not only a bad fall, at my business, but a bad winter too, and not much of a spring. I think you ought to give me something!" The beggar sloped.

Near Cleveland lives a hale and hearty man, whose wife says he is possessed of the most sensitive feelings, and in proof of which she states, that when she goes into the yard and sees wood for half a day, he sits by the fire with tears in his eyes.

When you see an old man amiable, mild, equable, content, and good-humored, be sure that in his youth he has been just, generous, and forbearing. In his end he does not lament the past, nor dread the future; he is like the evening of a fine day. —*Arabic Proverb.*

THE GREAT MR. WICKHAM.

A CURIOUS CASE OF IMPOSTURE.

An intelligent French nobleman, who visited England at the latter end of the seventeenth century, gives the following interesting account of a most remarkable impostor, the details of whose achievements, it would appear, came under the narrator's own knowledge. His book of travels was translated into English, and published in 1719.

A good likely sort of rogue, that had been many years footman to a rich gentleman at Banbury, in Oxfordshire, called Wickham, came to London, and took him lodgings at a rich baker's over against Arndel Street in the Strand. He asked the baker what countryman he was, who straight replied from Banbury; and the rogue resolved to feign to be the great Mr. Wickham, was mightily fond of the baker, calling him his countryman, and adding, that since he was of Banbury, he must needs know Mr. Wickham. The baker, though he had been absent from Banbury fifteen or twenty years, was very glad to hear news of it, and indeed perfectly overjoyed when he was told that the very man he was talking to was Mr. Wickham himself. This produced great respect on the part of the baker, and new condescensions from the sham Wickham; nay, the family must be called up, that Mr. Wickham might see them—ay! and they must drink a glass together, and smoke a pipe. The baker did not in the least doubt his having the great Mr. Wickham for a lodger; and yet he could not but marvel to see him without a footman or portmanteau, he therefore makes bold to ask him how a man of his estate came to be so unattended. The rogue, making a sign to him to speak softly, told him that his servants were in a place where he could find them when he wanted them, but that at present he must be very careful of being known, because he came up to town to arrest a great merchant of London, who owed him much money, and was just going to break; also, that he did desire to be incognito for fear that he should miss his stroke, and so indeed begged that the baker would not mention his name. Next day, he went abroad to take his measures with a comrade of his own stamp, and it was concluded that this latter should appear as Mr. Wickham's servant, and come privily from time to time to attend upon his master. That very night he came, and the sham Wickham, looking at his own dirty neckcloth in the glass, was in a great rage at him for letting him be without money, linen, or ought else by his negligence in not bearing of his box to the wagon in due time, which would cause a delay of more than three days. All this was said that the baker might hear it, who hereupon runs immediately to his drawer, and carries Mr. Wickham the best linen he had, begging him to honor him so much as to wear it, and at the same time lays down fifty guineas upon the table, that he might do him the favor to accept them also. He at first refused, but with much ado was prevailed upon.

As soon as he had got this money, he made up a lively of the same colors as the true Mr. Wickham, gave it unto another pretended footman, and also brought a box of goods, as coming from the Banbury wagon. The honest baker, more satisfied than ever that he had to do with Mr. Wickham, and consequently with one of the richest and noblest gentlemen in the kingdom, made it more and more his business to give him fresh marks of his respect and most zealous affection. To be short, Wickham made shift to milk him of one hundred and fifty guineas (besides the fifty) in a very few days, for which he gave him his note.

It was scarcely three weeks from the beginning of this adventure, all which time he had properly plundered the baker, and no doubt was preparing for some crowning villainy, when this rogue was lording it at a tavern, and was seized with a most serious illness. He got home to bed, where he was waited on by his pretended footman, and again assisted in everything by the good baker, who passed his word to the doctors, apothecaries, and to everybody else; indeed, he was visited by Dr. Smith and Dr. Lowther, two of the most eminent physicians in London.

Meanwhile, Wickham grew worse and worse, and about the fifth day he was given over. Wickham heard the news as though he had been the best Christian in the world, and fully prepared for death. He desired a minister might be sent for, and received the communion the same day. Never was there more piety, zeal, or confidence in the merits of Christ. Next day, the danger increasing very much, the impostor told the baker, who was effrighted to tears at the condition of his noble friend, that it was not enough to take care of his soul, he ought also to set his worldly affairs in order, and so desired that he might make his will, while he was yet sound of mind. A scrivener, therefore, was immediately sent for, and his will made and signed in all the forms, and before several witnesses. Wickham, by this, disposed of all his estate, real and personal, jewels, coaches, teams, race-horses of such and such colors (all specified), packs of hounds, ready money, with his house, with all its appurtenances and dependencies, to the baker; almost all his line to the wife; 500 guineas to the eldest son; 800 to the four daughters; 200 to the parson that had comforted him in his sickness; 200 to each of the doctors; and 100 to the apothecary; 50 guineas and mourning to each of his faithful footmen; 50 to embalm him; 50 for his coffin alone; 200 to hang the house with mourning, and to defray the rest of the charges of interment; 200 guineas for gloves, gold rings and scarfs and last-bands; and then such a diamond to such a friend; and such an emerald unto another. Nothing more noble—nothing more generous. All this done, Wickham called the baker to him, loaded him and all his family with benedictions, and presently after my gentleman falls into convulsions and dies.

The baker at first thought of nothing but burying him with all the pomp imaginable, according to the will, so he hung all the rooms in his house, the staircase, and the entry, with mourning-cloth; he gave orders for the making the clothes, the coffin, the rings, &c.; he sent for the embalmer, in a word, he omitted nothing; and having drained his purse to the last, he was in turn forced to borrow to buy little necessities for this grand funeral.

Wickham was not to be buried till the fourth

day after his death, and everything was, it seems, got ready by the second. The baker had now time to go seek for the lawyer the dead rogue had at the last referred him to, before he put him in the ground; so, after his having reverently put the body into a rich coffin, covered with velvet and huge plates of silver, which, indeed, all the town did afterward flock to see, he went to this lawyer, who was, in fact, really lawyer to the true Mr. Wickham, and he was, indeed, strangely surprised to hear of the death of Mr. Wickham, whom, it seems, he had heard of but the day before; but we may easily imagine that the poor baker was far more surprised when he found that in all likelihood he was bit. To conclude, the baker was ere long convinced that the true Mr. Wickham was in perfect health, and that the rogue he had taken for him was the most clever, consistent villain and complete hypocrite that ever lived.

Upon this, he immediately turned the body out of the rich coffin, which he sold for a third part of what it cost him. It might have fetched more if it had not been made scandalous by the body that had been enclosed in it. All the tradesmen that had been employed towards the burial, had compassion on the baker; and, indeed, some took their things again, though not without great loss to him. He himself pulled off his fine mourning, and donned again his old mealy coat; and they dug at night a hole in Saint Clement's Churchyard, where they did throw in the body with as little ceremony as possible.

I was an eye-witness of most of the things which I have here related, and I shall leave the reader to make his own reflections upon them; and I have since been assured, from several hands, that the baker hath since had his great losses pretty well made up to him by the generosity of the true Mr. Wickham, for whose sake the honest baker had been so open-hearted.

This curious instance of the ruling passion strong in death, is equalled in one of Marryatt's novels; where a habitual liar and boaster in his last moments leaves to his friends, by will, a variety of rich and elegant bequests which had never any existence but in his own imagination. The stage is fertile in instances of a similar power of imagination. It is related of a popular actor of a former day, who was celebrated for his impersonations of George III., that he was on one occasion so carried away with the enthusiasm of his part, as well as with strong drink, that he acknowledged the applause of the audience with his hand to his heart, tears in his eyes, and "God bless ye! God bless ye, my children!"

Another actor, at a transpontine theatre, was remarkable for his personification of the first Napoleon; and his resemblance in person to the departed Corsican increased the hearty plaudits with which he was always greeted when he enacted this part. On such nights, he carried the histrionic illusion into which he had worked himself at the footlights to the *arrière scene*, and in the green-room he was not to be approached; he was "gloomy and grand," absent, sententious and curt; he strode up and down, twirling his snuff-box between his fingers, his hands being duly folded Napoleonically behind his back; and thus he remained for an hour or two in a haze of empire and glory.

It is well known that a person feigning madness for a lengthened period may become permanently insane; and on this principle we may account for "the good likely sort of rogue" who personated "the great Mr. Wickham," continuing his audacious deception to the very last, and actually dying in the part he had assumed, in the odor of piety and Christian resignation, and in the generous display of the most extraordinary and princely munificence.

THE SCORPION CURE OF HIS OWN POISON.—The Capuchin, as we were conversing by the window of his apartment, put his hand incautiously on the frame, and, suddenly withdrawing it, complained of a painful puncture. A Turk, who was with us, on examining the wall, found a scorpion of a pale green color, and near three inches long, which he crushed with his foot, and bound on the part affected as an antidote to its own poison. The smart became inconsiderable after the remedy was applied; and as no inflammation followed, soon ceased. The sting, if neglected, produces acute pain attended with a fever, and other symptoms for several hours; the malignancy of the virus, as it were, decaying, the patient is left gradually free. Some preserve scorpions in oil in a vessel, to be used if that which commits the hostility should escape, though it seldom happens but in turning up a log or stone another may be found to supply its place.—*Chandler's Travels in Greece.*

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.—The famous Russian pianist, Lefebvre-Wely was one evening in company with the wealthy shoe-dealer, Sakoski, and the latter called upon so perseveringly to play for his satisfaction, that he consented, under the mere pressure of importunity. Shortly after, at a party of his own, composed of literary and artistic people, but to which he had invited the boot-maker, Lefebvre-Wely took his revenge. Before all the company he approached Monsieur Sakoski with a boot in his hand which lacked mending, and, in the same tone of urgent politeness which the other then employed to ask for music, he begged the immediate mending of that rip in the boot! It is stated that the rich Sakoski can never since bear the sight of either piano or pianist.

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.—Hume states, that according to Harrison, "in the reign of Henry VIII., there were hanged seventy-two thousand thieves and rogues (besides other malefactors); this makes about two thousand a year; but in Queen Elizabeth's time, the same author says, there were only between three and four hundred a year hanged for theft and robbery, so much had the times mended. But in our age there are not forty a year hanged for those crimes in all England." Mr. Hume closes his comparison of former and latter times with the following remark: "Our vulgar prepossession in favor of the morals of former and rude ages is very absurd and ill-grounded."

WORDY AND VERBY.—"We have already had Verdi's music without the words, but I think if we could now have a concert of Verdi's words without the music, that it would be much the more popular, and infinitely the more musical of the two!" —*Don.*

IS CLOTHING REQUISITE IN OUR CLIMATE?

EXPERIMENT ON A CHILD.

Some time ago the following paragraph appeared in a Cork paper, and has been largely copied in other journals:—

"The subject of the costume of the ancient Britons has often been discussed; it has been asserted that they were naked. Those who opposed that view adduced as reasons the coldness and variable nature of the climate. The question has been set at rest by an experiment which has recently been made on a child at St. Anne's, Blarney, near Cork. The child is fourteen months old, and is the son of Mr. —, who determined to ascertain what the human frame would bear. The child is perfectly naked night and day; he sleeps without covering, in a room with the thermometer at thirty-eight degrees; from this he goes into a bath at 118 degrees; he sometimes goes to sleep in the bath; he is perfectly indifferent to heat or cold; he is lively, active, cheerful, and intelligent; his appearance constantly reminds the observer of the best efforts of our best painters and sculptors. Therein is the *beau ideal*; he is the reality. His simple, graceful, natural, easy, and ever varying postures are charming. He arrests the attention and commands the admiration of all who see him. The peculiar character of his skin is very striking; it is exquisitely healthy and beautiful. It may be compared to the rays of the sun streaming through a painted window. During the progress of the experiment he has cut three teeth without manifesting any of the disagreeable symptoms usual to children in that condition. He appears to be quite insensible to pain. Occasionally he has an ugly fall, but not a sound escapes from his lips. His manners, demeanor, and general behavior are equally striking. His mode of saluting a person, is to take the hand in a graceful manner and kiss it. He is under the complete control of his father, and is perfectly quiet during meals, and also whenever he is told to be so. He goes about all day, amusing and occupying himself in a quiet way. No one accustomed to children would know there was a child in the house. So incredible are these results, that some of the residents at St. Anne's regard the whole matter with mingled feelings of horror, amazement, and wonder. Those who have made a careful observation for themselves, and prefer the evidence of their eyes rather than their ears, see nothing but to admire and respect. No doubt some of them would even go so far as to repeat the experiment on their own children, were it not for the fear of that terrible question, 'What will Mrs. Grundy say?'

The following is an extract from the journal kept by the father of the child:—

ONE DAY'S JOURNAL.

"I was about to begin with self-reproaches for not having noted, during its progress, the steps of an experiment so novel, and in its consequences so important; but the fact is, that I was not aware that I was making an experiment until the thing was done. Henceforward I shall record daily incidents which may serve to illustrate the case, and at an after period methodically treat it.

"This day (Dec. 27, 1856,) the out-door laborers were engaged in storing ice for the ice-house. They spoke of the severity of the cold during the night. I did not observe the thermometer. The child sleeps on the floor, on a traveling-rug folded in four, the room without fire or carpet, and is generally washed daily. There is a large bow-window to the north. It is the coldest room in the house. He was put to bed at half-past ten. He sleeps beside our bed. He is without any clothes or covering whatever. At one o'clock, being unable to sleep, I lighted the candles to read, sitting up in the bed. I was so cold with three blankets, that I had to put on a fur cloak. The child woke up, and made vehement appeals to be taken in. I took him in. When I was going to sleep myself, I told him to go to bed. He moaned so bitterly that I apprehended that he feared the cold. To test him I got out of the bed, and laid down on his rug (without clothes,) he then would not remain a moment in the warm bed, but followed me to his pallet. He then composed himself to sleep in his own fashion—that is, lying like a frog; and I left him. When he came into bed I was obliged to put a blanket between us, for the bitter cold of his limbs; but every way that I could arrange the clothes led to no sign that he suffered from the cold or desired the heat.

"To correct the frightful fits of crying he used to have, and for another failing which had of necessity to be put a stop to, I had to have recourse formerly to punishment by shaking him, slapping him, and dipping him in a trough of cold water. As his frame hardened under the action of cold, and very severe shampooing, punishment by these processes became impossible. Recently a very grave case had again occurred, when I had recourse to all these processes. I was narrating what I had done, and how I had failed, when I uttered the word 'shake,' he immediately raised his two arms, and shook them triumphantly with a roar of laughter. We could not believe that this was not some accidental impression; we tested him by asking him what was done to him. He immediately repeated the gesture.

"The treatment of this day will serve for all. He has two meals; generally boiled rice, which is put on a napkin on the ground, and he picks it up to the last grain. After that wheaten flour cake, with butter, and a cup of milk, which he drinks. He has milk alone twice in the day besides. The feeding of himself seemed to produce the greatest change in his disposition. While eating his rice, he looks a different being; there is at once a pride and an enjoyment of the performance. He has the air of an orator addressing an audience.

"During the day he goes to sleep when he likes, merely lying down on the floor. I waken him repeatedly during his slumbers by calling to him. The second call is always sufficient, and it is in a low voice. He gets up and comes to me; then I tell him to go back, and down he goes, and not a sound heard. The expression of his countenance is that of severe self-repression and control.

"It was remarked by a lady to-day that he is not like a child, but a small man; and the physician to the Lying-in-Hospital at Cork, guessed his age between two and three. Another



A STAGE-COACH ADVENTURE IN 1750.

Our engraving of "A Stage-Coach Adventure" in the old times, when highwaymen were as "thick as blackberries," possesses considerable of the Hogarthian element. The highwayman is not of the Claude Du Val, but rather of the "Colonel Jack" or "Golden Farmer" stamp. Mark him well; his coarse, red coat (quite different in texture, though not in hue, to the scarlet broadcloth of the captain in lace, who is consoling the widow), his cheap finery,

his hat audaciously cocked; all this is redolent of Mount Scoundrel in the Fleet, and Tom King's Coffee-House, of the "sound of coaches," night cellars, blood money, the condemned hold, the cart, the ordinary, Holborn Hill, St. Giles's bowl, and the triple tree. We can see where that gentleman began, and where he will indubitably end.

It is rather a sudden shock, when you are travelling peaceably along the highway to have

a pistol thrust in at the window, and your money or your life demanded. The various and contending emotions of the travellers are well portrayed. The captain in lace, (who, by-the-way, is an arrant poltroon), the Quaker slipping his well-lined pocket book beneath the cushion, and the old lady who has given up all for lost, and tenders her purse to the highwayman, in an agony of fear, are scenes which were witnessed nightly, a century or two ago.

OUR LETTICE.

BY ASHTON KER.

I said to Lettice, our sister Lettice, While drooping and twinkling her lashes brown, 'Your man's a poor man, a cold and dour man. There's many a better about our town.'

She laughed securely: 'He loves me purely; A true heart's safer than smile or frown; And nothing harms me when his heart warms me, Let the world go up or the world go down.'

'He comes of strangers; strangers are rangers, Age trusting nothing that's out of sight; New folk may blame ye, or e'en defame ye, A gown o'er-handled looks seldom white.'

She raised serenely her eyelids quently, 'My innocence is my whitest gown; No ill tongue grieves me, while he believes me, Whetter the world goes up or down.'

'Your man's a frail man—was ne'er a hale man, And sickness knocked at many a door; Our small home palace, all crumbling down, He will not build us, nor discontinue.'

Life bears Love's cross, Death brings Love's crown.'

AN ARAB CARAVAN.—The rate at which a loaded camel travels is estimated at two miles and a half an hour by almost every traveller. Our caravan has not, I think, exceeded this, but the variety of its movements has been very dreary. The Arab drivers, who walk in front of the animals, never miss an opportunity of a piece of pasture; but however distant it may be from the proper course, lead them towards it, and with the short sticks they carry, beat them into the tightest part of it. The camels are anxious enough for the matter themselves, and huddle so together that their riders' legs are in tolerable danger of being crushed in the contact. There is so strong a resemblance to a voyage at sea in the passage across the Desert, that I can not divest myself of the belief that the moving mass is but a collection of small vessels carried into a heap by the tide. Every man is ready with his stick to fend off the animal that approaches him. One push separates them as it would do a couple of boats; they move away quite unconscious of the circumstances, till another moment swings them together again. The drivers are the poorest and lowest of the tribe, and exercise the sticks they carry with very little ceremony. For example: I was in the act of drinking water with the flask applied to my lips, when my camel, receiving a blow for going where he should not, turned suddenly round, and I came in a sitting posture to the ground, amid the laughter of the whole of my party of the caravan. I contrived to bear the fall, and, without having moved my flask, continued to drink. I received an Arab cheer for this feat; and when I had remounted, several came to congratulate me on the ingenious manner of my fall. One Arab, who had travelled a great deal in Syria, and had seen many Franks, assured me that I was more fit to be an Arab than any he had ever met, for Franks were all excessively awkward and disconcerted when they fell. I do not mean either to take much merit to myself for this act of agility, or to recommend it to the practice of travellers; but it has positively gained me more good-will from my wild companions than the most sedate demeanor could have done.—*Journal in the Desert.*

HOW MACAULAY WRITES HISTORY.—The best portraits are perhaps those in which there is a slight mixture of caricature, and we are not certain that the best histories are not those in which a little of the exaggeration of fiction narrative is judiciously employed. Something is lost in accuracy, but much is gained in effect. The fainter lines are neglected, but the great characteristic features are imprinted on the mind forever.—*Macaulay's Essay on Macaulay.*

THE ORIGIN OF "BOO!"—How many are aware of the origin of the word "boo!" used to frighten children? It is a corruption of Boh, the name of a fierce Gothic General, the son of Odin, the mention of whose name spread a panic among his enemies.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE JUDGE'S CHARGE.

In the life of the late Gov. Plumer, written by his son, William Plumer, Jr., is the following account of John Dudley, of Raymond, N. H., who was a Judge of the Superior Court of that State from 1786 to 1797:

This extraordinary man, who was for twelve years Judge of the Superior Court, had not only no legal education, but little learning of any kind. But he had a discriminating mind, a retentive memory, a patience, which no labor could tire, an integrity proof alike against threats and flattery, and a free eloquence, often unthought, bold, clear, and expressive, with a warmth of honest feeling, which it was not easy to resist. His ideas of law may be inferred from the conclusion of one of his charges to the jury, which I once heard my father repeat. It was somewhat in this style:

"You have heard, gentlemen of the jury, what has been said in this case by the lawyers, the rascals! but I won't abuse them. It is their business to make a good case for their clients; they are paid for it; and they have done it in this case well enough. But you and I, gentlemen, have something else to consider. They talk of law. Why, gentlemen, it is not law that we want, but justice. They would govern us by the common law of England.—Trust me, gentlemen, common sense is a much safer guide for us—the common sense of Raymond, Epping, Exeter, and the other towns, which have sent us here to try this case between two of our neighbors. A clear head and an honest heart are worth more than all the law of all the lawyers. There was one good thing said at the bar. It was from one Shakespeare, an English player, I believe. No matter. It is good enough almost to be in the Bible. It is this: 'Be just, and fear not.' That, gentlemen, is the law in this case, and law enough in any case. 'Be just, and fear not.' It is our business to do justice between the parties, not by any quirks of the law out of Coke or Blackstone, books that I never read and never will, but by common sense and common honesty, as between man and man. That is our business; and the curse of God is upon us if we neglect or evade or turn aside from it. And now, Mr. Sheriff, take out the jury; and you, Mr. Foreman, do not keep us waiting with idle talk, of which there has been too much already, about matters that have nothing to do with the merits of the case. Give us an honest verdict, of which, as plain common sense men, you need not be ashamed."

I have made the judge speak good English, which he did not very often do. "This 'ere plaintiff," and "that 'ere defendant," "them lawyers," and "these 'ere witnesses," were expressions that fell from his lips; yet, it was observed, that when warmed by his subject, his language, always forcible, became suddenly accurate and even elegant, so naturally is correctness as well as eloquence, the result of clear thought and earnest feeling. It will not excite surprise, that such a judge carried the jury with him. Indeed, when fairly under way there was no stopping him. He trampled down and ran over everything that stood before him, and came out always first at the goal. He had been, from 1775 to 1784, during the whole period of the revolution, one of the Committee of Safety, the most efficient of governments. Quick to feel and prompt to act, he was a resolute, strong minded man, intent on doing substantial justice in every case, though often indifferent to the forms and requirements of law. "You may laugh," said Theophilus Parsons, who practised for many years in our courts, "at his law, and ridicule his language; but Dudley is, after all, the best judge I ever knew in New Hampshire." To have received this praise from Judge Parsons, Dudley must have been, on the whole, not ignorant of law, nor inattentive to its substantial requirements. "Justice," said Arthur Livermore, speaking to me of Dudley, before whom he had himself practised, "was never better administered in New Hampshire than when the judges knew very little of what the lawyers call law."

BATHING BY TURKISH LADIES.—When a Turkish lady bathes, her attire is first removed. An attendant takes a glove—every day it is a new glove—of undressed silk. With the disengaged hand she pours over her mistress' basin after basin of warm water. Then by means of gentle friction of the glove, she slowly removes the salts and impurities which are deposited on the skin. This finished, the attendant covers the lady from head to foot, by means of a mop of downy silk, with a latter made of a particular emollient soap. Upon this soap, which is a kind believed to be peculiar to Turkey, depends much of the pencil-like softness and snowy whiteness of the skin, for which refined Eastern women are so remarkable; it has the reputation of removing stains, spots and freckles that are not deeply marked into the cuticle. This part of the matter having been carefully performed, the lady is again deluged in water, heated to about 120 deg., and poured over her person from a basin of silver. Very large towels of the finest muslin, richly embroidered with flowers and gold, are then wrapped around her, and she is led into an apartment, where, reclining on a heap of cushions, she sinks into a soft, dream-like languor, that might become faintness, were it not for the assiduity with which she is fanned.—*Oceanian's Turkey and the Turks.*

BARRE-BREADED AGAINST THE BULLETS.—A Life-Guardsman was brought to George the Fourth, fresh from Waterloo, to give his opinion as to the question of increasing the defensive armor of the Englishman. "Now," said the King, "if there was another scrimmage like Waterloo, and you had your own choice, how would you dress for it?" "Well, and please your Majesty," said the London Mars, "I should like to take off my coat and tuck up my sleeves." So much for a practical man's opinion of defensive armor, which, at the boom of the first cannon, dropped off the European, who henceforward prepared to meet death bare-breasted and open-eyed.

ARISTOCRACY AND DEMOCRACY.—Compare the splendid apostrophe of Burke to Maria Antoinette, in the day of her radiant state and loveliness, with the annexed entry relative to her burial, made by the sexton in the records of the Madeleine: "Paid seven francs for a coffin for the Widow Capet."

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

A change of dress at every variation of the seasons is no less requisite for children than for their elders. It will, therefore, add some further observations to those we recently offered on juvenile costume. For boys of six or seven, a paletot and trowsers of the same material, trimmed with velvet or braid, are very generally adopted. The material may be any of the textures usually worn by little boys; such as cashmere, poplin, &c. A paletot and trowsers of gray cashmere have just been made for a boy about the age above mentioned. The skirt of the paletot and the ends of the sleeves are edged round with black velvet; it is fastened close up to the throat with a row of black velvet buttons. The trowsers, which descend a little below the knee, have a stripe of velvet up each side. The ends are bordered with black velvet and trimmed with a broad frill of jaconet, ornamented with needlework. The collar and undersleeves are of embroidered jaconet. White cotton stockings and cashmere boots of the same color as the dress, tipped with black leather, complete the dress. Nankeen has recently been much employed for little boys' dresses. We have seen a dress of this material, made for a little boy about five years of age. It consists of a shirt and jacket. The shirt is trimmed up each side with white braid, set on in an ornamental pattern. The jacket, which is trimmed with white braid, is close at the throat; at the waist the corners are rounded, and there is a small slit on each side.

For girls of an early age a little dress of white pique is suitable. One, just made for a child two years old, has the corsage low and square; the sleeves short, and edged with a frill ornamented with needlework. Dresses of silk are frequently adopted for girls of an age more advanced than either of those above mentioned. A little dress of dark-blue striped silk has just been completed. It is trimmed with three bonnages, each edged with a row of narrow velvet of the color of the dress. The top bonnage is set in at the waist. The corsage, half high, is trimmed with a berthe, which is round at the back, and has the ends in front crossed 'one over the other. A chemisette, worn under the corsage, reaches to the throat, where it is finished by a turning-down frill. The sleeves of the dress are demi-wide, and are terminated by a wide *revers*. White undersleeves and trowsers. An out-door dress, destined for a girl of ten years of age, consists of green and white chequered silk. There is no trimmings on the skirt of this dress. With it is worn a small cloak of black silk, trimmed with chenille fringe, and a bonnet of pink silk, ornamented with narrow stripes of black velvet, disposed in a lozenge pattern. The bonnet is edged with black velvet, and trimmed at the sides with loops of velvet in clusters. The inside trimming consists of a ruche of blonde with rose-buds intermingled.—*London Lady's Paper*, May 9th.

PUTNAM AS A SPY.

Among the officers of the Revolutionary army, none, probably, possessed more originality than General Putnam, who was eccentric and fearless, blunt in his manners, the daring soldier, without the polish of a gentleman. He might well be called the Marion of the North, though he disliked disguise, probably from the fact of his lisp, which was very apt to overthrow any trickery which he might have in view. At that time, a stronghold called Horse-neck, some miles from New York, was in the hands of the British. Putnam, with a few sturdy patriots, was lurking in the vicinity, bent on driving them from the place. Tired of lurking in ambush, the men began to be impatient, and importuned the general with the question as to when they were to have a bout with the foe. One morning he made a speech something to the following effect, which convinced them that something was in the wind: "Follows, you have been idle too long, and so has the ox-team and the bag of corn. If I come back, I will let you know the particulars; if I should not, let them have it, by hooky."

He soon afterwards mounted his ox-cart, dressed as one of the commonest order of Yankee farmers, and was soon at Buck's tavern, which was in possession of the British troops. No sooner did the officers spy him than they began to question him as to his whereabouts, and finding him a complete simpleton as they thought, they began to quiz him, and threatened to seize his corn and fodder. "How much do you ask for your whole concern?" asked they. "For mercy's sake, gentlemen," replied the mock clothopper, with the most deplorable look of entreaty, "only let me off, and you shall have my hull town and load for nothing, and if that don't dew, I'll give my word I'll return to-morrow, and pay you heartily for your kindness and condescension." "Well," said they, "we'll take your word. Leave the town and provender with us, and we want require any bad ball for your appearance." Putnam gave the town, and sauntered about for an hour or so, gaining all the information he wished of the foe, and the plan of attack. The morning came, and with it saluted off the gallant band. The British were handled with rough hands, and when they surrendered to General Putnam, the clothopper, he sarcastically remarked: "Gentlemen, I have kept my word. I told you I would call and pay you for your kindness and condescension."—*Revolutionary Reminiscences.*

POPULAR ESTIMATE OF GREATNESS.—"Oh," said a French duncie, "I know that fellow Descartes; there is nothing in him; he is quite a common person." Another said that he was "a dangerous, chimerical fool." He died in exile. A Mons. Regis, who no human being remembers, successfully harried Malebranche. He was assisted in worrying the searcher after truth by a Mons. Arnauld, equally obscure. Pope was badgered into writing the "Dunciad"; Adam Smith was long considered as a dreamer; Pitt did not fully comprehend the "Wealth of Nations"; Fox arrogantly declared it "past understanding." It is so painful even for great men to acknowledge a superior or a peer, that a generation passed away before the doctrines of Adam Smith were generally admitted. As for the majority of the people, it is of course evident that the commanding minds of the age are years of thought and study in advance of them.

"Why, in the book of Tobit, to be sure—lighted with the creamy confusion of the dog—tho' that's the dog's name, ain't it?"—*Boston Courier.*

Slugs on rose bushes, or the green fly on plants, will make their appearance by thousands and the same sort."

rally an argument of a soul ingenuously inclined.

do—take her away!"

sure to die if you receive me

the doctor

DEAR FRIEND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

Oh, friend, beloved friend of mine!
That early time, when first we met,
It haunts all my spirit yet
With memories divine!

I seem to see thee now as then;
I gaze into thine earnest eyes,
And, whispering low with sweet replies,
I hear thy voice again.

Long weary days have come and gone
Since thou and I have dwelt apart,
Divided far, yet still at heart
Indissolubly one.

And I—our plighted faith has been
A blessed bond, a sacred trust,
To strengthen this imperfect dust,
And keep my soul from sin.

Time, in that off-strangeness came,
Has closer bound the electric cord,
And we will hope that our reward
Is in the life to come!

CONSOLATION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CLARA DOTY.

I've seen the spring-time come with buds and flowers,
And bursting leaves;
I've seen the summer come with fruitful showers,
And golden sheaves;

And then the autumn with a mournful breath,
And fall of gloom;
And winter, chilling all with scenes of death—
Death and the tomb.

But never have the buds and flowers died,
The leaves decayed,
The beauties God has scattered far and wide,
Been lowly laid;

But when the spring-time came around once more,
And warm winds blew,
They woke and stood as bright and beautiful
As first they grew.

An Arbor, N.Y.

THE WAR-TRAIL:
A ROMANCE OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A DECLARATION ON HORSEBACK.

Face to face with my beautiful brunette!
Her eyes fell upon me in an expression of surprise. I felt abashed by the glance; my conduct was not *en regle*. I thought of an apology. What excuse could I offer for such unceremonious intrusion? Accident? She would not believe it; the time and the place were against such a supposition. With an intellect like hers, it would be idle to adopt so shallow an artifice. No; I would not dissemble; I would boldly avow the truth. Jealousy had rendered me reckless of the result.

"*Adios, caballero!*" said she, interrupting my hurried reflections. "*Carambo*, where is your guide? How have you found this place?"

"Easily enough, *senorita*; I followed the tracks of your horse."

"But so soon—I did not expect you—"

"No, you expected another?"

"Certainly. I thought Cyprio would arrive before you—"

"Cyprio?"

"Cyprio—yes, Cyprio."

"*Senorita*, if this be another name for your Protean cousin, I have to say it will be better for him he should not arrive at all."

"My cousin!—better not arrive? Holy Trinity, captain! I do not comprehend you!"

Her large brown eyes were rolling in astonishment. I was as much puzzled as she, but I had begun my explanation, and was determined to carry it to the end.

"Then, *senorita* de Vargas, I shall be more explicit. If Rafael Jurra appear upon this ground, either he or I leaves it not alive. He has attempted my life, and I have vowed to take his, whenever and wherever I may meet him."

"Pray heaven you may keep your vow!"

"Your cousin?"

"My cousin—Rafael Jurra—my worst foe—the direst enemy of our house."

"Ha! but were you not awaiting him?"

"Awaiting him! Ha, ha, ha! No. Little child though I be, I should not desire to be there alone with Rafael Jurra."

"Lady, you astonish me! pray explain—"

"For *dios*, gallant captain, 'tis you who need explain. I sought this interview to thank you for your noble gift. You meet me with anger in your eye, and bitter words upon your tongue."

"You sought this interview?—say you so, lady?"

"Certainly I did. For reasons already known to you, I dared not invite you to our house; so I have chosen this pretty glade for my drawing-room. How do you like it, *cavallero*?"

"In your society, *senorita*, the rudest spot would appear a paradise."

"Again the poet's tongue! Ah, captain, remember the yellow domino! No more flattery, I pray; we are no longer *en masque*—"

"Face to face, let us be candid with each other."

"With all my heart I accept the conditions. Candor is the very thing I desire, for, to say the truth, I came prepared for a confession."

"A confession?"

"Precisely so; but since you are an advocate for candor, may I first ask a question?"

"Ho! you wish to play the confessor with me?"

"I do, *senorita*."

"Bravo, captain! Proceed! I shall answer you in all sincerity."

"Then, lady, what I would ask—Who is this Cyprio whom you expected?"

"Cyprio! Ha, ha, ha! Who should this Cyprio be but my mozo? he who carried my baggage to you. Why do you put such a question?"

"Ho! who carried your message to me?"

"Of course. Yonder is the *macheco* him."

"Holla, Cyprio! you may return to the house. *Carambo*, captain! both he and you have sped well. I did not expect you for an hour; but you soldiers are soon in the saddle. So much the better, for it is getting

late, and I have a great deal to say to you."

A light had broken upon me. 'Twas Cyprio I had passed in the forest shade; the boy was the bearer of a message—hence his having hailed me. 'Twas I who was expected to keep the assignment; 'twas I for whom the time-piece had been consulted—for whom those earnest glances had been given! The bitter moments were past, and my heart swelled anew with proud and pleasant emotions.

As yet she knew not that I had come without invitation. Cyprio, at the word of command, had gone off without making any reply, and my prompt appearance upon the ground was left unexplained.

I was about to account for it, and offer some apology for my brusque behavior, when I was challenged to the confession I had just promised.

Minor thoughts gave way before the important purpose I had formed, and to which the banter now recalled me. So far an opportunity might never offer again. In the vicissitudes of a soldier's life, the chance of to-day should not be disregarded—to-morrow may bring change either in the scene or the circumstances; and I was skilled enough in love-lore to know that an hour unimproved is often followed by an age of regrets.

But, in truth, I do some wrong to my character; I was but little under the influence of such cunning cognizance at that moment. I acted not by volition, but rather under pressure of a passion that held complete mastery over my will, and compelled me to the declaration I was about to make.

It was simple enough—three little words in either of the two sweet tongues in which we understood each other. I chose the one—of all others most attuned to the tones of the loving heart—and bending low to that fair face, and gazing into the liquid depths of those large, inquiring eyes, I whispered the sweet, though oft repeated phrase:

"*Yo te amo.*"

The words quivered upon my lips, but their tone proved the sincerity in which I had spoken. No doubt it was further manifest by the earnestness of my manner as I awaited her reply.

The habitual smile had departed from her lips; the damask red deepened and rose higher upon her cheeks; the dark fingers drooped downward, and half-concealed the burning orbs beneath; the face of the gay girl had suddenly assumed the serious air of womanhood.

At first I was terrified by the expression, and could scarcely control my dread; but I drew hope from the flushed cheek, the rosy tinge, the swelling, panting bosom. Emotions were stirring in that breast. Oh, what emotions!—Will she not speak? Will she not declare them?

There was a long interval of silence—to me it seemed an age.

"*Senor*," she said, at length—"twas the first time I had heard that voice tremble—*Senor*, you promised to be candid; you have been so; are you equally sincere?"

"I have spoken from the depth of my soul."

The long lashes were raised, and the love-light gleamed from her liquid eyes; for a moment it burned steadily, bathing my heart as with balm. Heaven itself could not have shed a brighter beam upon my spirit.

All at once a smile played upon her features, in which I detected, or fancied so, the gay insouciance that springs from indifference. To me it was another moment of pain. She continued:

"And, pray, captain, what would you have me do?"

I felt embarrassed, and replied not.

"Would you have me declare that I love you?"

"Oh! you cannot—you do not—"

"You have not asked the question?"

"No, lady. I dreaded the answer."

"Ho! what a coward you have grown of late! A pity I am not masked. Shall I draw this veil? Ha, ha, ha!"

It was not the manner of love. Love laughs not. My heart was heavy; I made no reply, but with eyes upon the ground, sat in my saddle, feeling like one condemned.

For some moments her laughter rang in my ears, as I fancied, in mockery. The sweet, silvery voice only grated upon my heart. Oh, that I had never listened to its syren tones!

I heard the hoof stroke of her horse; and, looking up, saw that she was moving away from the spot. Was she going to leave me thus?

She spurred towards the centre of the glade, where the ground was higher, and there again pulled up.

"Come hither, *cavallero!*" she cried, beckoning to me with her small gloved hand.

Mechanically I rode up to the spot.

"So, gallant captain! you who are brave enough to meet a score of foes, have not the courage to ask a woman if she loves you?"

A dismal smile was my only reply to this bitter badinage.

"Ah! captain," she continued, "I will not believe it; ere now you have put that dreaded interrogatory—often, I fear too often."

I looked at her with surprise. There was a touch of bitterness in the tone. The gay smile was gone; her eyelids drooped; her look was turned upon the ground.

Was this real, or only a seeming? the prelude to some abrupt antithesis? some fresh outburst of satire?

"*Senorita!*" said I, "the hypothesis, whether true or false, can have but little interest for you."

She answered me with a smile of strange intelligence. I fancied there was sadness in it. I fancied.

"We cannot recover the past," said she, interrupting my thoughts; "no, no, no! But



JURRA FOILED.

for the present—say again—tell me again that you love me!"

"Love you!—yes, lady—"

"And I have your heart, your whole heart?"

"Never can I love another!"

"Thanks! thanks!"

"No more than thanks, *Isolina!*"

For some moments she remained silent, her eyes averted from me; she appeared struggling with some emotion.

"Yes, more than thanks," she replied at length; "three things more—if they will suffice to prove my gratitude."

"Name them!"

"Why should prudery tie my tongue? I promised to be candid. I, too, came here to make confession. Listen! Three things I have said. Look around you!—north, south, east, and west—the land you see is mine; be it yours, if you will."

"*Isolina!*"

"This, too, can I bestow"—she held forth her little hand, which I clasped with fervid emotion.

"And the third?"

"The third, on second thoughts, I cannot give; 'tis yours already."

"It is?"

"*Mis corazon!*" (My heart.)

Those splendid words, like creatures of intelligence, appeared to understand what was said; they had gradually moved closer and closer, till their muzzles touched and their steel curls rang together. At the last words, they came side by side, as if yoked in a chariot. It appeared delightful to them to press their proud heaving flanks against each other, while their riders, closing in mutual clasp, leaned over and met their lips in that wild fervid kiss which forms the climax of love.

CHAPTER XLVII.

STRAYED FROM THE TRACK.

We parted upon the top of the hill; it was not prudent for us to be seen together. *Isolina* rode away first, leaving me in the glade. We bade adieu in that phrase of pleasant promise, "*hasta la mañana!*" (until to-morrow.) To-morrow we should meet again. To-morrow, and to-morrow, we should visit that sweet spot, repeat our burning vows, renew our blissful vows.

I remained some minutes on the ground, now hallowed and holy. Within, the tumult of triumphant passion had passed, and was succeeded by the calm repose of perfect contentment. My heart's longings had been gratified; it had found all that it desired—even to the full reciprocity of its passion. What would it more?

There is no more of mundane bliss. Life has no felicity to cope with requited love. It alone can give us a foretaste of future joys; by it only may we form some idea of the angel existence of heaven.

The world without was in harmony with the spirit within. The scene around me was rose color. The flowers appeared fresher in tint, and breathed a sweeter fragrance in the air; the hum of the homeward bee, laden with treasures for his love-queen, fell with a dreamy pleasure upon the air; the voices of the birds sounded softer and more musical; even the *arax* and parrots, chanting in a more subdued tone, no longer pronounced that hated name; and the tiny Mexican doves—*las palomas*, scarcely so large as finches—walked with proud gait over the ground, or side by side upon the branches of the myrtle-like types of tender love—told their hearts' tale in soft and amorous cooing.

Long could I have lingered by that consecrated spot, even *hasta la mañana*, but duty claimed me, and its calls must not be disregarded. Already the setting sun was flinging purple beams over the distant prairie; and, heading my horse down the hill, I once more plunged under the shadows of the mimosa.

Absorbed in my supreme happiness, I took no heed of aught else; I noticed neither track nor path.

Had I left my horse to himself, most likely he would have taken the right road; but in my reverie, perhaps I had mechanically dragged upon the rein, and turned him from it. Whether or not, after a lapse of time, I found myself in the midst of thick woods, with not the semblance of a trail to guide me; and I knew not whether I was riding in the right direction. I ought rather to say that I knew the contrary—else I should long since have reached the clearings around the village.

Without much reflection, I turned in a new direction, and rode for some time without striking a trail. This led me once more into doubt, and I made head back again, but still without success. I was in a forest-plain, but I could find no path leading anywhere; and amid the underwood of palmetoes I could not see any great distance around me. Beyond a question, I had strayed far out of my way.

At an early hour of the day, this would have given me little concern; but the sun had now

set, and already, under the shadow of the moss-covered trees, it was nearly dark. Night would be down in a few minutes, and in all probability I should be obliged to spend it in the forest—by no means an agreeable prospect, and the less so that I was thinly clad and hungry. True, I might pass some hours in sweet reflection upon the pleasant incident of the day—I might dream rosy dreams—but, alas! the soul is sadly under the influence of the body; the spiritual must ever yield to the physical, and even love itself becomes a victim to the vulgar appetite of hunger.

I began to fear that, after all, I should have but a sorry night of it. I should be too hungry to think; too cold either to sleep or dream; besides, I was likely to get wet to the shirt; the rain had commenced falling in large heavy drops.

After another unsuccessful effort to strike a trail, I pulled up and sat listening. My eyes would no longer avail me; perhaps my ears might do better service.

And so it chanced. The report of a rifle reached them, apparently fired some hundred yards off in the woods.

Considering that I was upon hostile ground, such a sound might have caused me alarm; but I knew from the sharp whistle crack that the piece was a hunter's rifle, and no Mexican ever handled a gun of that kind. Moreover, I had heard, closely following upon the shot, a dull concussion, as of some heavy body dropped from a high elevation to the ground. I was hunter enough to know the signification of this sound. It was the game—bird or beast—that had fallen to the bullet.

An American must have fired that shot; but who? There were only three or four of the rangers who carried the hunter-rifle—a very different weapon from the "regulation" piece—old backwoodsman who had been indulged in their whim. It might be one of these.

Without hesitation, I headed my horse for the spot, and rode as rapidly as the underwood would permit me. I certainly must have passed the place where the shot had been fired, and yet I saw no one; but just as I was about to pull up again, a well-known voice reached me from behind with the words:

"Jumpin' Geeshospat! it ur the young fellow!"

Turning, I beheld my trapper comrades just emerging from the bushes, where they had cautiously cached on hearing the hoof-strokes of my horse.

Rube carried upon his shoulders a large turkey gobbler—the game I had heard drop—while upon Gary's back I observed the choice portions of a deer.

"You have been foraging to some advantage," I remarked as they came up.

"Yes, cap'n," replied Gary, "we won't want for rashuns. Not but that your rangers offered us a plenty to eat; but yee see we couldn't in honor accept o' it, for we promised to find for ourselves."

"Ye-es, durn it!" added Rube, "we're free mountaine men—ain't a gwine to sponge on nobody—we ain't."

"An, cap'n," continued Gary, "thar don't appear to be any great eatin' fixins about the place for yerself neither; if yu'll just accept o' the turkey, an one o' these hyar quarters o' the deer-meat, thar's plenty left for Rube and me; ain't thar, Rube?"

"Gobs!" was the laconic answer.

I was not loth to satisfy the wish of the hunters—for, to say the truth, the village larder had no such delicacies as either wild turkey or venison—and having signified my assent, we all three moved away from the spot. With the trappers for my guides, I should soon get into the right road. They, too, were on their return to the post. They had been in the woods since noon. They were both afoot, having left their horses at the rancheria.

After winding about half a mile among the trees, we came out upon a narrow road; here my companions, who were unacquainted with the neighborhood, were at fault as well as myself; they knew not which direction to take. It was dark as pitch, but, as on the night before, there was lightning at intervals. Unlike the preceding night, however, it was now raining as if all the sluices of the sky had been set open; and by this time we were all three of us soaking wet. The whole canopy of heaven was shrouded in black, without a single streak of light upon it—not even a star. Who could discover the direction in such a night?

As the lightning flashed, I saw Rube bending down over the road; he appeared to be examining the tracks. I noticed that there were wheel-tracks—deep ruts—evidently made by the rude block-wheels of a *carreta*. It was these that the trapper was scanning.

Almost as soon as a man could have read the direction from a finger-post, Rube raised himself erect, and crying out:

"All right—this-away!" set off along the road.

I was curious to know how he had determined the point, and questioned him.

"Wal, yur see, young fellow, it ur the trail o' a Mexikin cart; an anybody as ever seed thet ur vamin, knows it hez got only two wheels. But thur are four tracks hyur, an thurfor the cart must a gone back an fo'th, for I seed they wur the same set o' wheels. Now, 'tur rasonable to s'pose thet the back-track leads to the settlements, an thet's this-away."

"But how could you tell which was the back-track?"

"Wagh! thet ur easy as fallin off a log. The back-track ur the fresher by morn'nakupples o' hours."

Pondering upon the singular "instinct" that enabled our guide to distinguish the tracks, I rode on in silence.

Shortly after, I again heard the voice of Rube, who was some paces in the advance.

"I kud a knowd the way," he said, "ithout the wheel-tracks; they only made things more sartint sure."

"How?" I asked. "What other clue had you?"

"The water," replied he; "see see, or 'ee mount, if yu'd a looked into the tracks, thet it ur runnin this-away. Do 'ee hear thet thur?"

I listened. I heard distinctly the sound of running water, as of a small stream carried down a rough, rocky channel.

"Yes—I hear it."

"Wal," continued the trapper, "it ur a branch made by the rain; we're a follerin it down; an thurfor must kum to the river just whur we want to git. Oncest thur, we'll soon find our way, I reck'n. Wagh! how the durned rain kums down! It 'ud drow a muskrat. Wagh!"

The result proved the trapper's reasoning correct. The road-water was running in the direction we had taken; and shortly after, the brawling branch shot out from among the bushes, and crossed our path, diverging from it at an acute angle. We could see, however, as we plunged through the now swollen streamlet, that the current, in its general direction, was the same with our road; it would certainly guide us to the river.

It did so. Half a mile further on we came out upon its banks, and struck the main road leading to the rancheria.

A few minutes' brisk travelling carried us to the outskirts of the village, when we were all three brought to a sudden halt by the sharp call of the sentry, who called out the usual interrogatory:

"Who goes there?"

"Friends!" I replied; "tis you, Quackenboss!" I had recognized the voice of the soldier-botanist, and under the lightning, saw him standing by the trunk of a tree.

"Halt! Give the countersign!" was the response in a firm, determined tone.

I did not know this masonic pass-word. On riding out, I had not thought of such a thing, and I began to anticipate some trouble. I resolved, however, to make trial of the sentry.

"I haven't got the countersign. 'Tis I, Quackenboss. I am—"

I announced my name and rank.

"Don't care for all that!" was the somewhat surly rejoinder; "can't pass 'ithout the countersign."

"Yer durned fool! it's yur captin," cried Rube, in a peevish tone.

"May be," replied the imperturbable sentry; "can't let him pass 'ithout countersign."

I now saw that we were in a real dilemma.

"Send for the corporal of the guard, or either of the lieutenants," I suggested, thinking that that might be the shortest way to get out of it.

"I ain't got nobody to send," came the gruff voice of Quackenboss from out the darkness.

"I'll go!" promptly answered Gary—the big trapper, thinking, in his innocence, there could be no reason why he should not carry the message to quarters—and as he spoke, he made a step or two forward in the direction of the sentinel.

"Halt there!" thundered the voice of Quackenboss; "halt! another step, and I'll plug you with a bullet."

"What's thet I plug he sez?" screamed Rube, leaping to the front. "Geesho Geeshospat! yu'll plug'im, eh? Yur durned mule-head, if 'ee shoot this way, it'll be the last time yu'll ever lay claws to a trigger. Now then!" and Rube stood with his rifle half raised to the level, and threatening to raise it still higher.

At that moment, the lightning gleamed; I saw the sentry with his piece also at a level. I well knew the accuracy of his aim; I trembled for the result. In my loudest voice, I called out:

"Hold, Quackenboss! hold your fire! we shall wait till some one comes;" and as I spoke, I waited both my companions, and drew them back.

Whether it was the commanding tone of my voice, which the ranger had heard before, or whether in the light he had recognized my features, I saw him, before it darkened, lower his piece, and I felt easy again.

But he still obstinately refused to let us pass. Further parley was to no purpose, and only led to an exchange of rather rough compliments between Quackenboss and my two companions; so, after endeavoring to make peace between them, I stood still to await the chance of some one of the guard coming within hail.

Fortunately, at that moment, a ranger, somewhat the worse for aguardiente, appeared in the direction of the plaza.

Quackenboss condescended to call him up; and after a crooked palaver, he was despatched to bring the corporal of the guard.

The arrival of the latter ended our troubles, and we were permitted to reach the plaza without further hindrance; but as we passed the stern sentry, I could hear Rube mutter to him:

A WORD ABOUT DRESS.

We have plenty of filippic denunciations of fine clothes, and an abundance of grave admonitions of the sin and folly of extravagance in apparel, but scarcely an essay can be found touching the aesthetics and *moral* of dress, as constituting a study worthy to be ranked among the "fine arts," not less than architecture, music, or sculpture. It was an observation of Lavater that persons habitually attentive to dress, display the same regularity in their domestic affairs. "Young women," says he, "who neglect their toilette, and manifest little concern about their apparel, indicate in this very particular a disregard of order; a mind but little adapted to the details of house-keeping; a deficiency of taste and of the qualities that inspire love. The girl of eighteen who desires not to please, will be a shrew and a slut at twenty-five." It is a great mistake in women to suppose that they may safely throw off all care about dress with their celibacy, as if husbands had less taste than suitors; or as if wives had less need than mistresses of the advantage of elegant and tasteful apparel. An old writer says, with a hearty emphasis, "It is one of the moral duties of every married woman always to appear well dressed in the presence of her husband." To effect this, however, expensive attire is by no means essential. The simplest robe may evince the wearer's taste as truly as the most costly gown of *moire antique*. But how rare a quality is good taste! In the mere matter of propriety and harmony of colors there is room for a treatise which has yet to be written by some one thoroughly proficient in the aesthetics of dress. Even the simpler laws, though pretty generally understood, are constantly neglected. Some of these canons as laid down in an English poem of the good sense of the dogmas as for the quaintness of the verses. To brunettes he recommends high colors, "rose," "orange," or even "scarlet"; thus:

"The hair whose skin is like the hellebore,
With blazes whose color doth become her own."
To rosy cheeked girls he permits "blue" and "the color of the sea";

"Let the fair nymph in whose plump cheek is seen
A rosy blush be clad in cheerful green."

Cautioning pale women against vernal hues, he continues:

"Ladies grown pale with sickness or despair
The table's mournful dye should choose to wear;
So the pale moon still shines with pensive light
Clad in the dusky mantle of the night."

—Boston Post.

THE TOMB OF A GIANT.

Dr. McPherson, an English explorer, who has recently been engaged in examining the antique tombs at Kerch, on the Crimea, thus relates the discovery of the bones of a chief—a man of surprising stature:

"Proceeding onwards we arrived at another descent; the tomb adjoining which, however, contained nothing. A large projecting stone in the clay interfered with the formation of a cavity here. An arched passage was discovered to the right, from whence a second chamber had been scooped out. In this were the remains of one person, with no ornament or relic near. Another passage was discovered extending still further into the earth; passing into this, the remains of a man, evidently of unusually large stature, were found. In length he must have measured fully seven feet, and he was of great breadth; judging from the space occupied by his dust. In this, as in the others which we explored, the resemblance of the contents of the tomb bore a strong analogy; but this one appeared to be better finished than the others; the ornaments placed on the only niche in the wall were also of a superior construction. There had been something like a Persian skull-cap on the head of this man, and his long hair—the only portion of the remains which had not passed into its natural dust—fell over his shoulders. An ornamental brooch, studded with small garnets, was on his left breast. A very beautiful glass decanter, having a handle, and ribbed round the neck, with a drinking glass, were found near his head. In this decanter there was about a tablespoonful of wine, and from the less encrusted on the glass that stood close to it, the glass must have been filled with wine when placed there; both vessels being conveniently situated, as if the deceased might be inclined to partake of the contents of the glass and replenish it from the decanter. The wine was of a red color, and it had a distinctly vinous taste. The red and white portions separated, on being exposed to the air, and the fluid rapidly evaporated, until it was bottled up and sealed. This wine and some perfect walnuts found in the same tomb, are now in the British Museum. A glass lacrimatory, and a very beautiful engraved cornelian, representing the she-wolf suckling Romulus and Remus, the remains of a dagger in a sheath, and some corroded links of iron resembling armor, were found in this tomb. Indeed, the tomb bore about all traces of its being the resting-place of a chief, or one of the most distinguished of his tribe."

SPIRITUAL MANIA AND SELF-STARVATION.—The Chicago papers relate a singular case of insanity from spiritualism, resulting in death. An old lady, fifty-five years of age, became a spiritualist and a medium. She attended several circles, and at last proceeded to have received an order not to drink, and commenced obeying the order. Her friends sent her to Chicago, where physicians and clergymen were called to visit her, but could effect nothing.

Two or three times rice water was thrust down her throat; but she wasted away till Sunday evening the 29th ult., when she died. A day or two before she died some men were in the kitchen, and the smell of which attracted her attention, and "turning to her daughter-in-law, she said, 'that is very tempting, but I dare not touch it.' Her friends at that time thinking she was giving way in her resolution, again remonstrated with her, but again she failed to disengage her from her course. What is more wonderful in this case is, that during all this time she appeared perfectly sane and clear minded, talked quite naturally, and was frank and free in her conversation on the subjects of her commands from on high. For three weeks she abstained almost entirely from food, and for the last nine days of her life she neither ate nor drank anything. She frequently talked of going to her spirit home, and of her future life.

THE MISSISSIPPI AND OHIO RAILROAD CELEBRATION AT ST. LOUIS ON THE 30th INST.—was considerable of an affair. The procession was two miles long. Judge Bates gave an oration at the dinner, and the Reynolds, Hon. John R. Thompson, of Virginia, and others.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE SAYS: "A medical friend informs us that he has been consulted in several cases where the new coat has been swallowed by children, one of whom is only two years old, and in which great irritation of the stomach and bowels has followed, because of the corrosive nature of the metal composing it, as well as of its mechanical action upon the delicate mucous surface."

A KISS FOR \$750.—The Chicago Tribune states that a man named Holey, in that city, undertook to kiss the wife of an Indian doctor, named Brooks, with whom he was in terms of intimacy. The husband, hearing of the matter, instituted a suit for slander against Holey, and the jury gave him a verdict of \$750.

ACCORDING TO THE PUBLISHED LIST OF TAX-PAYERS IN BALTIMORE, there is not one millionaire in the whole city. The wealthiest inhabitant in it is rated at only \$750,000; while the rest in wealth is the possessor of but \$100,000.

MORE PEARLS.—The New York Herald says that since the discovery of pearls in the shells of mussels in New Jersey, letters and specimens of pearls have been pouring into the jewelry stores of New York, not only from New Jersey, but from various parts of New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, Michigan, and Pennsylvania. This attests the fact that pearls are found in the waters of our State.

MR. H. F. GARDNER has accepted the proposition made by the Boston Courier, to pay \$500 to an spiritualist medium who will communicate a single word in English, written inside a book or sheet of paper, who will tell a plane without touching it, or cause a chair to move a foot.

A BRIDE CHANGING HER DRESS IN CHURCH.—About the middle of last week, two young ladies and two gentlemen, all apparently in mourning, paid a morning visit to a church in a quiet neighborhood in St. Ann's Ward, Liverpool. On their entering the church, the door was closed and locked, and the ladies—leaving the gentlemen to discomfite themselves of their overcoats and draw forth their white and black reticettes behind the pulpit, whence they shortly emerged in full bridal attire. The clergyman, accompanied by an official, appearing from the vestry, they joined the transmogrified mourners at the altar, where the nuptial ceremony was gone through. The gentlemen then resumed their overcoats, the ladies agreed to their impromptu robing-room, and, reappearing in their mourning costume, the happy party left the church—Liverpool Journal.

THE CROPS HERE AND ELSEWHERE.—Upon this subject, the Bucks County Intelligencer says:—"A great deal of interest is felt by almost every one in regard to the condition of the grain and grass crops through the county. It is now satisfactorily ascertained that the wheat crop in the Western and Northern States, unless injured in some unforeseen manner, will be a very heavy one—some of the papers say the very largest ever produced. In Pennsylvania the wheat was never more promising, while the grass crops, under the influence of the plentiful rains of the last few weeks, will certainly be larger than usual. It is yet too early for reference to the next crop of corn, but a good beginning has been made, and, stimulated by the advancing prices, a large extent of ground has been planted by farmers generally."

HONORABLY DISCHARGED.—Ex-Gov. Bebb, of Ohio, who recently fired upon a party of seceders, at his residence in Winnebago county, Ill., and killed one of them and wounded others, has been honorably discharged, after a full investigation of the matter. The seceders, it appears, were a gang of insolent rowdies, who surrounded the house of the ex-governor, and insulted his family, until he was compelled to fire upon them, after begging and coaxing them to leave.

DEATH OF HON. HENRY HUBBARD.—Hon. Henry Hubbard, a well-known politician, and formerly Governor of New Hampshire, died at his residence in Charleston, Mass., on the 5th inst.

KANSAS—JUDGE LECOMPTIE, Chief Justice of Kansas, is to be removed, and Judge Willard, who has just been appointed Associate Judge, will succeed him.

THE GOVERNMENT POLICY TOWARD UTAH.—Col. Cummings, it is said, will be the Governor of Utah. The Secretary of War says that he has ordered 3,500 troops to march for Salt Lake, and that 300 or 400 more will be added.

A WHOLESALE BUSINESS IN LOST BABIES.—Sunday last being a warm and pleasant day, the babies were all out sunning in the park, and nearly one hundred of them strayed away from mamma's aprons, and got lost. But all were found and restored to their homes before night, by the police and its telegraph, extending from station to station.

BURNING THE DEAD.—The Paris Academy of Medicine has sent the papers to writing and the people to thinking earnestly of the return to the practice of burning the dead. They say that in the summer time the Parisian hospitals are crowded with the victims of pestilence, engendered by the foul air of the graveyards in the neighborhood. The vicinity of the cemeteries is a constant source of miasma, the pestilential emanations filling the air, and the poison they emit impregnating the water, are held chargeable for the many and fearful diseases of the throat and lungs which afflict all medical skill.

THE EMIGRATION FROM EAST TO WEST.—It is computed that the number of emigrants from the New England States to the Mississippi Valley this season will amount to one hundred thousand, and that these will carry with them, on an average, \$100 each (a low estimate), making an aggregate of \$10,000,000 in hard cash. In enumerating the causes of this rapid increase of the movements of the native population from the Eastern to the Western States, the Buffalo Commercial refers to the centralization of capital and business in the great cities, and in the hands of a few, drawing, by their superior advantages, the chance of successful competition by industrial mechanics and business men of moderate means.

YANKEE DOODLE.—Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, in his address delivered at the Boston Music Hall, May 21, at the opening of the Grand Musical Festival, related the following anecdote to illustrate the great value of American music at the time was in treaty at Ghent was negotiated. The story was told by Mr. Winthrop by the late John Quincy Adams: "During the negotiation at Ghent, a festival or ball was to be given at the place, at which it was proposed to pay the customary musical compliment to all the sovereigns who were either present or represented on the occasion. The sovereign people of the United States—represented there, as you remember, by Mr. Adams himself, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Clay, Mr. Jonathan Russell, and Mr. Gallatin—were, of course, not to be overlooked; and the musical conductor or band masters of the place called upon these Commissioners to furnish him with our National Air. Our National Air, said they, is Yankee Doodle. Yankee Doodle, said the conductor, what is that? Where shall I find it? By whom was it composed? Can you supply me with the score? The perplexity of the Commissioners may be better conceived than described. They were fairly at their wits' end. They had never imagined that they should have scores of this sort to set to, and each returned to the other in despair. At last they betrouthed them, in a happy moment, that there was a colonial servant of Mr. Clay's, who, like so many of his race, was a first-rate whistler, and who was certain to know the tune. He was forthwith sent for accordingly, and the problem was solved without further delay. The band master played down the air as the colored boy whistled it, and before night, said Mr. Adams, Yankee Doodle was set to so many parts that you would hardly have known it, and it came out the next day in all the pride, poise and circumstance of a royal and military of drum, trumpet and cavalry, to the dedication of the Allied Sovereigns of Europe, and to the glorification of the United States of America."

THE STOCK MARKET.

CONSIDERED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY S. MCHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER, No. 100 Wall Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last:

	Bid.	Asked.
U.S. 6's	110 1/2	111
U.S. 5's	109 1/2	110
U.S. 4's	108 1/2	109
U.S. 3's	107 1/2	108
U.S. 2's	106 1/2	107
U.S. 1's	105 1/2	106
U.S. 1/2's	104 1/2	105
U.S. 1/4's	103 1/2	104
U.S. 1/8's	102 1/2	103
U.S. 1/16's	101 1/2	102
U.S. 1/32's	100 1/2	101
U.S. 1/64's	99 1/2	100
U.S. 1/128's	98 1/2	99
U.S. 1/256's	97 1/2	98
U.S. 1/512's	96 1/2	97
U.S. 1/1024's	95 1/2	96
U.S. 1/2048's	94 1/2	95
U.S. 1/4096's	93 1/2	94
U.S. 1/8192's	92 1/2	93
U.S. 1/16384's	91 1/2	92
U.S. 1/32768's	90 1/2	91
U.S. 1/65536's	89 1/2	90
U.S. 1/131072's	88 1/2	89
U.S. 1/262144's	87 1/2	88
U.S. 1/524288's	86 1/2	87
U.S. 1/1048576's	85 1/2	86
U.S. 1/2097152's	84 1/2	85
U.S. 1/4194304's	83 1/2	84
U.S. 1/8388608's	82 1/2	83
U.S. 1/16777216's	81 1/2	82
U.S. 1/33554432's	80 1/2	81
U.S. 1/67108864's	79 1/2	80
U.S. 1/134217728's	78 1/2	79
U.S. 1/268435456's	77 1/2	78
U.S. 1/536870912's	76 1/2	77
U.S. 1/1073741824's	75 1/2	76
U.S. 1/2147483648's	74 1/2	75
U.S. 1/4294967296's	73 1/2	74
U.S. 1/8589934592's	72 1/2	73
U.S. 1/17179869184's	71 1/2	72
U.S. 1/34359738368's	70 1/2	71
U.S. 1/68719476736's	69 1/2	70
U.S. 1/137438953472's	68 1/2	69
U.S. 1/274877906944's	67 1/2	68
U.S. 1/549755813888's	66 1/2	67
U.S. 1/1099511627776's	65 1/2	66
U.S. 1/2199023255552's	64 1/2	65
U.S. 1/4398046511104's	63 1/2	64
U.S. 1/8796093022208's	62 1/2	63
U.S. 1/17592186444416's	61 1/2	62
U.S. 1/35184372888832's	60 1/2	61
U.S. 1/70368745777664's	59 1/2	60
U.S. 1/140737491555296's	58 1/2	59
U.S. 1/281474983110592's	57 1/2	58
U.S. 1/562949966221184's	56 1/2	57
U.S. 1/1125899932442368's	55 1/2	56
U.S. 1/2251799864884736's	54 1/2	55
U.S. 1/4503599729769472's	53 1/2	54
U.S. 1/9007199459538944's	52 1/2	53
U.S. 1/18014398919077888's	51 1/2	52
U.S. 1/36028797838155776's	50 1/2	51
U.S. 1/72057595676311552's	49 1/2	50
U.S. 1/14411519135262304's	48 1/2	49
U.S. 1/28823038270524608's	47 1/2	48
U.S. 1/57646076541049216's	46 1/2	47
U.S. 1/115292153082098432's	45 1/2	46
U.S. 1/230584306164196864's	44 1/2	45
U.S. 1/461168612328393728's	43 1/2	44
U.S. 1/922337224656787456's	42 1/2	43
U.S. 1/1844674449113754112's	41 1/2	42
U.S. 1/3689348898227508224's	40 1/2	41
U.S. 1/7378697796455016448's	39 1/2	40
U.S. 1/14757395592910032896's	38 1/2	39
U.S. 1/29514791185820065792's	37 1/2	38
U.S. 1/59029582371640131584's	36 1/2	37
U.S. 1/118059164743280263168's	35 1/2	36
U.S. 1/236118329486560526336's	34 1/2	35
U.S. 1/472236658973121052672's	33 1/2	34
U.S. 1/944473317946242105344's	32 1/2	33
U.S. 1/1888946635932484210688's	31 1/2	32
U.S. 1/3777893271864968421376's	30 1/2	31
U.S. 1/7555786543729936842752's	29 1/2	30
U.S. 1/15111573087459873685504's	28 1/2	29
U.S. 1/30223146174919747371008's	27 1/2	28
U.S. 1/60446292349839494742016's	26 1/2	27
U.S. 1/120892584699679989484032's	25 1/2	26
U.S. 1/241785169399359978968064's	24 1/2	25
U.S. 1/483570338798719957936128's	23 1/2	24
U.S. 1/967140677597439915872256's	22 1/2	23
U.S. 1/1934281355194879837544512's	21 1/2	22
U.S. 1/3868562710389759675089024's	20 1/2	21
U.S. 1/7737125420779519350178048's	19 1/2	20
U.S. 1/15474250841559038700356096's	18 1/2	19
U.S. 1/30948501683118077400712192's	17 1/2	18
U.S. 1/61897003366236154801424384's	16 1/2	17
U.S. 1/123794006732472309602848768's	15 1/2	16
U.S. 1/247588013464944619205697536's	14 1/2	15
U.S. 1/495176026929889238411395072's	13 1/2	14
U.S. 1/990352053859778476822790144's	12 1/2	13
U.S. 1/1980704107719556953645780288's	11 1/2	12
U.S. 1/3961408215439113907291560576's	10 1/2	11
U.S. 1/7922816430878227814583121152's	9 1/2	10
U.S. 1/15845632861756455629166242304's	8 1/2	9
U.S. 1/31691265723512911258332484608's	7 1/2	8
U.S. 1/63382531447025822516664969216's	6 1/2	7
U.S. 1/126765062894051645033329938432's	5 1/2	6
U.S. 1/253530125788103290066659876864's	4 1/2	5
U.S. 1/507060251576206580133319753728's	3 1/2	4
U.S. 1/1014120503152413160266639507456's	2 1/2	3
U.S. 1/2028241006304826320533279014912's	1 1/2	2
U.S. 1/4056482012609652641066558029824's	1/2	1
U.S. 1/8112964025219305282133116059648's	0 1/2	0
U.S. 1/16225928454438610564266232119136's	0 1/4	0
U.S. 1/32451856908877221128532464238272's	0 1/8	0
U.S. 1/64903713817754442257064928476544's	0 1/16	0
U.S. 1/129807427635508884514129856953088's	0 1/32	0
U.S. 1/259614855271017769028259713906176's	0 1/64	0
U.S. 1/519229710542035538056519427812352's	0 1/128	0
U.S. 1/1038459421084071076113038855624704's	0 1/256	0
U.S. 1/2076918842168142152226077711249408's	0 1/512	0
U.S. 1/4153837684336284304452155422498816's	0 1/1024	0
U.S. 1/8307675368672568608904310844997632's	0 1/2048	0
U.S. 1/16615350737345137217808621689995264's	0 1/4096	0
U.S. 1/33230701474690274435617243379990528's	0 1/8192	0
U.S. 1/66461402949380548871234486759981056's	0 1/16384	0
U.S. 1/132922805898761097742468973519962112's	0 1/32768	0
U.S. 1/265845611797522195484937947039924224's	0 1/65536	0
U.S. 1/531691223595044390969875894079848448's	0 1/131072	0
U.S. 1/1063382447190088781939751788159696896's	0 1/262144	0
U.S. 1/2126764894380177563879503576319393792's	0 1/524288	0
U.S. 1/4253529788760355127759007152638787584's	0 1/1048576	0
U.S. 1/8507059577520710255518014312677575168's	0 1/2097152	0
U.S. 1/17014119155041420511036028625355150336's		

Wit and Humor.

PIETY POINTED WITH PROFANITY.

The late Judge Gantt (says the Charleston Courier) was one of the most eccentric of men. He was eminently benevolent and pious, but of an ardent and enthusiastic temperament, and occasionally indulged, whether against ardent spirits or anything else that roused his dander, or his sense of the ridiculous, in a license of speech and humor not wholly in keeping with his religious profession. In illustration of this quaintness of character is often told, by his friends, the following anecdote:—He had long been desirous to purchase, from a neighbor, a small tract of land, with a mill-seat, or suitable for one, but they had never been able to agree on a satisfactory price. At length, on one occasion, he proposed to his neighbor that they should meet, on a given day and hour, at a tavern, about midway between their residences, in order, if possible, to conclude the bargain. His neighbor assenting, they accordingly met at the appointed time and place. The Judge was a strict Baptist, his neighbor a strict Methodist; and the former addressed the latter thus:—

"My friend, we have met, for the purpose of entering into a contract about this land. Now, a contract is a solemn thing, and no one should enter into it, but with a clear conscience and clean hands. I therefore propose that each of us should kneel down and put up a little prayer to his Heavenly Father, that he may be guided by pure motives and strict justice in the bargain he is about to make."

The Methodist having acquiesced, the Judge knelt down in one corner of the apartment, the Methodist in the other. After a decent interval, the Judge rose, and the Methodist, following suit, they advanced towards each other, and met in the middle of the room.

"Now, my friend," said the Judge, "we have made clean breasts of it—what will you take for your land?"

"Five hundred dollars," said the Methodist.

"Five hundred dollars!" exclaimed the Judge. "You d—d unconscionable dog, I'll have nothing to do with you!" and he forthwith departed in high dudgeon.

WESTERN ELOQUENCE.—The following is said to be not a burlesque, but part of a real speech in a criminal trial out West:—

"My speech may not carry it, but it runs through all the law, that hearsay evidence is not to be received. How erroneous is well illustrated by the anecdote of the King of Siam and the Dutch ambassador. The ambassador called upon the King, told him that in his country water congealed so that elephants could walk over it. 'Oh,' says the King of Siam, 'I don't believe a word of it.' Now I was willing that you should look at and inspect that physiognomy, [pointing to prisoner's face of most villainous expression,] and it will compare with any countenance around. Take for instance the Prosecuting Attorney, with that elongated face of his, with that FETLOCK OF HAIR, hanging over his bronzed countenance, like a wild ass sweeping over the plains of Mexico, amid the loud warblings of heaven's artillery, and the loud warblings of heaven's artillery, and the loud warblings of heaven's artillery. Don't it go with irresistible force? could any man be so fool-hardy (thump) as to suppose that he would go and say that [thump] he stole that coat? Would he get down into a cabin, plunder coat and pants, [thump] could it be possible?"

"The Prosecuting Attorney has a peculiar faculty of preaching a sermon at the opening and delivering a lecture at the close. This prisoner may have had an ingenious method of getting this coat—there may have been a concoction, a union of joint efforts, a co-operation, a combination among them to put this upon defendant. It will require tact, it will require skill, it will be like a man at sea for life and thrown overboard to prove that this coat was worth one cent. You can't but acquit defendant."

LIKE CURE LIKE.—"What shall I do? I can get no sleep!" exclaimed a gentleman to his friend one day not long ago.

"What is the matter?" asked the sympathetic friend.

"The matter? That chicken! That horrid, doleful chicken! That Shanghai! Like a harbinger of evil, like a voice from the tomb, like a—"

"Oh!" exclaimed the friend, "kill him!"

"What? Kill my neighbor's chicken?"

"Yes, kill him!"

"I can't do that!"

"Buy him and kill him!"

"The owner will not sell."

"Oh! then do you give him one."

"What! give him another chicken?"

"Exactly."

"To distract my rest with double force?"

"Oh, no! give him a game chicken."

"Ah! now I understand," said the gentleman, as he smiled until one of his eyes was half lost in view. "I understand; I'll be generous."

In a day or two he had presented to the church proprietor of the Shanghai a heroic chicken, and within one hour thereafter the doleful Shanghai had ceased to disturb the peace of others, and was taking his own last rest.

HOW HE LOST HIS HAIR.—A Norfolk paper tells the following story:

Uri Osgood and Jonathan Aiken were on opposite sides of politics last fall, in Grundy county, and the fight between them—they were running for Congress—grew warm and desperate. One day when they met on the stump, Uri, whose head was bald, and should therefore have been cooler, in the midst of his indignation turned upon Jonathan and said:

"I think, sir, you have but one idea in your head, and that is a very small one; if it should swell, it would burst it."

Whereat Jonathan grew red in the face, and looking for a moment at the bare and venerable head of his opponent, asked if he should say what he thought of him?

"Say on," said Uri.

"Well, I think you haven't one in your head, and never had; there's been one scratching around on the outside, trying to get in, till it has scratched all the hair off, but it's never got in, and never will."

Uri was silent.

Mrs. PARTINGTON HER OPINION.—"I don't know what you mean by genius," said Mrs. Partington with animation, while speaking of the merits of a tyro who had just given evidence of wonderful ability by improvising, ostensibly, a poem before the institute of which he was a member. "I don't know what you mean by genius if he hasn't got it, for didn't he improvise poetry before the Literary Institute, I should like to know, and receive lots of reprobation for it from people that know what good poetry is?" There was triumph in the tone of her voice, and though her antagonist smiled, she evidently had him, because he made no further remark, except to request her to compel like to discontinue blowing beans at him, as several had come in troublesome proximity to his nose. He said he was blowing them at Lion.—*Eve. Gazette.*

DYING OUT OF TIME.—An odd genius undertook to build himself a tomb, on his own farm. Before it was finished his wife was taken sick, and expressing her conviction to a neighbor that she could not recover, her husband hastily approached the bed and said—"I would die just yet; the tomb will not be finished for several days!"—His wife took him at his word, and recovered.

Useful Receipts.

TO CLEAN SILK.—Pare and slice thin three washed Irish potatoes. Pour on them a half pint of boiling water, and let it stand till cold. Strain the water, and add an equal quantity of pure alcohol. Sponge the silk on the right side, and when half dry iron it on the wrong side. The lightest colored silk may be cleansed and brightened by this process; also, cloth, velvet, or crape.

TURKISH MORTAR AND CEMENT.—The Turks use common red earthenware pipes with socket-joints to convey water from springs to reservoirs and fountains. They make and use mortars and cements as follows:

Mortar.—Fresh slacked hydraulic lime, one part, by measure; pounded brick or tile, finely sifted, one part, by measure; chopped tow sufficient to mix into the consistency of ordinary hair mortar. The ingredients are mixed dry immediately before use, and then well incorporated by the aid of water; the mortar is used fresh. **Cement.**—Fresh slacked hydraulic lime, one part, by measure; pounded brick or tile, finely sifted, half part, by measure; chopped tow, as above. The whole is mixed with oil, in place of water. The earthenware pipe-joints are made water-tight with this cement.

How to Cook Eggs.—Dropped eggs are probably the most healthful form in which they can be prepared for the table. Break the egg very carefully into a pan of scalding water, and let the water come gradually to a boil, removing the eggs with a skimmer as soon as the white is set. Serve on a hot platter with a little salt, pepper and butter, or lay the eggs on hot buttered toast. For invalids use cream instead of butter.

SPICED PEACHES.—Take 9 pounds of good ripe peaches, rub them with a coarse towel, and halve them; put 4 pounds sugar and a pint of good vinegar in your preserving kettle, with cloves, cinnamon, and mace; when the syrup is formed, throw in the peaches, a few at a time, so as to keep them as whole as may be; when clear take them out and put in more; boil the syrup till quite rich, and then pour it over the peaches. Cherries may be done in the same way.

TAR-WATER AS USED IN THE TREATMENT OF THE MURRAIN.—The following plan will be found very effective: Examine your cow's mouth every day, though she appears well; and if you find any pimple in it or on the tongue, or if you perceive any on the skin ready to come out, immediately house her. Keep her warm, and give her warm tar-water; to a large beast give a gallon, to a small one 3 quarts. Give it four times every day, but not every time the quantity you first gave. Lessen the dose by degrees, but never give less than 2 quarts to a large beast, nor less than 3 pints to a small one; and house her every night for some time, and give her warm gruel and malt wash. Stop the feet with tar. To make the Tar-water—Take 1 quart of tar, put to it 4 quarts of water, and stir it very well 10 or 12 minutes; let it stand a little while, and then pour it off for use. You must not put water to the same tar more than twice. Let the first dose be made with fresh tar. Continue to give it till the beast is well. "Don't let her go too soon abroad." Her back may be rubbed two or three times a day with tar ointment, and tar kept boiling in a large pot over a lamp.—*Cor. London Field.* [It is evident that the murrain is here mistaken for the epidemic affecting the mouth and feet of cattle. The application of tar-water as an astringent in that disease is common with many other equally efficacious and much more convenient remedies.—*Ed. London Field.*]

EXTRACT OF RENNET.—Fresh rennet, 12 ounces; fine salt, 2 ounces; proof spirits, 24 ounces; white wine, 1 quart. Digest for 24 hours, and strain. A quart of milk, requires 2 or 3 teaspoonfuls.

AN UNFORTUNATE COMPARISON.—Lord Chief Justice Kenyon was conspicuous for economy in every article of his dress. Once, in the case of an action brought for the non-fulfillment of a contract on a large scale for shoes, the question mainly was, whether or not they were well and soundly made, and with the best materials. A number of witnesses were called, one of whom being closely questioned, returned contradictory answers; when the Chief Justice observed, pointing to his own shoes, which were regularly bedridden by the broad silver buckle of the day,—"Were the shoes anything like these?" "No, my lord," replied the witness, "they were a great deal better, and more genteel." The court was convulsed with laughter, in which the Chief Justice heartily joined.

WRITTEN SERMONS.—The antipathy of the Scotch people to reading sermons is well known. At Kirkcudbright, at an "inauguration," an old woman on the pulpit stairs asked one of her companions if the new minister was a reader. "And how can he read, woman?" was the reply; "the poor man's bin!" To which the first made answer: "I'm glad to hear it—I wish they were a' bin!"



YOUNG AMERICA AND OLD ENGLAND.

MAMMA.—"Why, Tom! What are you doing with that nasty dust pan and broom?"

TOM (with a sly glance at his Mammy's English Acquaintance).—"Brother Fred told me to bring it in and sweep up all the H's Mrs. 'Enter had dropped about!"

(Exit Tom suddenly, with one side of his face looking rather red, and tingling.)

Agricultural.

WORK FOR JUNE.

CULTIVATION OF CORN.—Keep the cultivator and hoe, or corn-harrow and hoe, in your cornfields constantly from now until you lay it by, which should be when it gets into silk. Let no weeds grow therein, and keep the soil at all times open to the influences of the sun, dew and rain. In times of drought be sure to keep the soil open. But don't use the plough.

BRETS.—The Mangold Wurtzel and Sugar Beet may be drilled in up to the 10th of this month. The crops will not be so large as they would have been had they been put in a month earlier; but still careful culture, the season being propitious, will make a fair and remunerating crop. For the sake of your milch cows, do put in some, if it is only an acre.

CARROTS may be drilled in, if done the first week in this month. These roots are among the best food for milch cows; make an excellent and healthful alternative food for horses, and are well relished by all other stock.

LATE POTATOES.—Though late, potatoes may be put in up to the 10th of this month.

BROADCAST CORN.—To ensure green food for your cows in August and September, when the pastures will have nearly failed, put in an acre or so of broadcast corn. Manure the ground heavily, plough it deep, pulverize the soil thoroughly; then sow 3 bushels of corn per acre, harrow and cross harrow the seed in, and roll.

MILLET.—You may sow millet seed up to the 10th of this month. If your crop of hay, or is likely to prove a short one, prepare as many acres as your necessities may require, and sow it with millet seed. You must manure heavily, plough deep, pulverize the soil thoroughly, roll, and sow the seed, and finish by rolling.

CLOVER FOR HAY.—Clover for hay should always be cut when it first comes into bloom.

FALL TURNIPS.—It is too soon to put these in; but not too soon for you to be providing manure for them. And here let us say to you that this crop always prospers best when two ploughings are given to the ground.

The time for sowing the seed will be about the 25th of July.

For an acre of turnips you should at least have 20 two-horse cart loads of well rotted stable or barnyard manure, 20 bushels of ashes, and 1 bushel of plaster, the manure to be ploughed in, and the two latter to be broadcasted and harrowed in. Ten bushels of bone-dust, 10 bushels of ashes, and 5 gallons of oil, mixed together, left in heap 3 weeks, and then worked over with the shovel, will manure an acre of turnips to be harrowed in; so also will 300 lbs. of guano and 1 bushel of plaster, mixed together and ploughed in; so also would 20 loads of marsh mud, 10 bushels of ashes, 5 bushels of bone dust and 1 bushel of plaster, if thoroughly mixed together, and left in a heap 5 or 6 weeks, then worked over well with a shovel and applied; so also would 15 two-horse loads of marsh or river mud, made into compost with 5 loads of stable manure and 10 bushels of ashes and 1 bushel of plaster, worked to lie 4 weeks in bulk, then thoroughly worked over and applied.

BUCKWHEAT.—Any time after the middle of this month, or even as late as the 10th of next month, a crop of buckwheat may be seeded; the sooner after the 15th of this month the better. It is a sure crop, even on a poor soil with the aid of a little manure; in a tolerably fair soil a good crop may be calculated upon, the same means being used to fertilize the soil. It being a broad-leaved plant, it attracts and appropriates much of its organic nutriment from the atmosphere.

Of the Manure.—Ten two-horse cart loads of barnyard manure, 10 two-horse cart loads of any strong compost, 10 bushels of bone-dust, 10 bushels of ashes and 1 bushel of plaster mixed together, left in pile 10 days, then shoveled over, or 100 pounds of Peruvian Guano, 5 two-horse loads of marsh, or river mud mixed together, will seed an acre of land. The bone-dust, ashes and plaster mixture, must be harrowed in; the other must be ploughed in.

The straw of buckwheat cured into hay is good, long provender for cattle.

Quantity of Seed per acre.—Sow from 2 to 3 pecks of seed per acre.

Time of Cutting.—As buckwheat is very liable to shatter, it should be cut when one-half the grains on the head are ripe—that may be known by their turning black.

BEANS.—Drill in a few acres with beans to feed your sheep through the winter. There is no food you can give them so promotive of the growth of wool. A gill of bean meal and 2½ pounds of hay or fodder, per day, will keep a sheep in good condition. Drill your beans in early this month.

WET LANDS.—We repeat our advice to you to drain all your lands.

RITA BAGA TURNIP.—For stock feeding this root stands deservedly high; it is productive, and more nutritive than any other of the turnip family; for spring use, it is a very excellent table vegetable, and should, we think, enter into very general culture; the more so as it is harder than any other variety, is easier kept, and retains its edible qualities until a very late period in the spring—long after other kinds have ceased to be fit for use. For cattle and sheep there is no root grown superior to it, and it is occasionally sliced, mixed with cut hay, and fed to horses as an alternative food.

Time of Sowing.—If grown for cattle, sow any time between the 15th and 25th of this month; if intended for table use, the sowing should be delayed till about the 10th or 15th of July.

Modes of Culture.—They may be either grown in drills, or broadcast—the former the best mode. Raised in drills they are easier worked and yield more.

Of the Soil.—Like all other turnips, they delight most in deep, light, sandy-moulds; new ground, grass-swards, or cloverleys suit them best.

Quantity of Seed per acre.—If sown broadcast, from 1½ to 2 lbs. of seed—if in the drills, 1 lb. will be enough.

Preparation of the Seed.—Soak the seed from 12 to 24 hours in fish oil, previously to sowing them; drain the oil off, and mix them with ashes, to separate them and render them easy of being sown or drilled. Previous to sowing or drilling mix them with an equal quantity of dry sand.

After Culture.—As soon as the plants come up, for several mornings in succession, while the dew is on them, dust them with lime, ashes, or soot. This must be continued each morning until the plants get in the rough leaf. When the plants are large enough, run a narrow cultivator through the middle of the rows, leaving the line of plants undisturbed; the plants must be worked by hand and hoes at the same time.

After the interval of a week, give the plants a second working, at which time thin them out, so as to stand 8 inches apart in the rows. Should there be any naked spots, draw plants carefully from where they may be too thick, and dibble them in, so as to fill up the vacant places; for this transplanting a wet season must be selected.

At the time of the second working, sow a bushel of a mixture, comprised of equal parts of ashes, plaster and salt over the drills of plants.

If your manure may not have had any ashes in it—you should at the first working, broadcast 10 bushels of ashes per acre over the plants. In ten days after the second working, give the plants a third one, and your labor of culture will be completed.

Rita baga turnips when sown broadcast must be thinned out, so as to stand 12 inches apart—the earth must be frequently stirred and kept entirely free from weeds and grass.

Poultry Houses.—Clean out your poultry houses weekly, and save the manure, as it is good and will go two-thirds as far as guano, if properly preserved. Each weekly collection should be put in a barrel, covered over with plaster or pulverized charcoal, strewed from the air, and kept in a dry place.

If your fowls have not access to a running stream of good fresh water provide them with fresh water three days a day. In cold wet weather have the young broods protected by shelter, and see that they get upon such occasions, chaffs, chives, or leeks, finely chopped up, mixed with their food.—*American Farmer, Baltimore.*

TO KEEP SPARROWS OFF EARLY PEAS.—Peas when about 1 or 2 inches in height are often attacked by sparrows. I have however always found that by fastening a single thread of white worsted along each row on sticks, so as to be about 2 or 3 inches above the peas, no birds ventured near them. When sparrows attack the pods of peas the white worsted hung along the sticks answers just as well as regards the old birds, but is not quite so effectual in the case of young ones, when the latter are plentiful. Worsteds is also a safe protection for Gooseberry and Currant bushes in winter and spring. I prune early in autumn, and hang about 2 yards of worsted about each bush, after which I consider the buds are safe; no birds will venture on the bushes for some cause or other, which I am unable to explain. I suppose they are frightened at the worsted.—*Cor. Gardener's Chronicle.*

"How many deaths?" asked the hospital physician. "Nine." "Why, I ordered medicine for ten." "Yes, but one would not take it."

TREATMENT OF TREES.

In passing along our streets, we notice the different treatment bestowed on trees. Some are left altogether unprotected, so that the first manny cow that comes along—and our city is running full of such—will rub against them, and bend them over, or at least loosen them at the roots. About the trunk, rank grass and weeds are growing, affording hot beds for bugs, worms, and all manner of noxious insects. These we call vagrant, neglected, begging trees, and their chances are about as good as those of vagrant, begging children. We would almost venture the assertion, that the children and trees of those persons are treated alike, and will come to about the same end.

There is another class of trees belonging to, and representing a different class of people. The trees are well protected against vagrant cows, and the horses of thoughtless people. The grass and weeds are carefully removed from the trunk, thus keeping off all grubs that harbor in old turfs. But there is one objection to this scooping out the earth from the trunk. It is done to catch the water, and it does this, but it turns the water from the ends of the roots, where it is needed, to the trunk, where it is not needed. The mouths of the tree are in the little thread-like roots, and not in the trunk. Put your food and drink where the mouth is—you might as well feed a man through his heels, as feed a tree through the trunk.

The best way to treat trees is, if they stand exposed on the street, to guard them well with enclosures which will keep off horses and cows, and which will not chafe the bark during windy weather; then they should be carefully mulched, as follows:—In this season of the year, loosen the earth around each tree several feet, rake out all the grass and weeds, to prevent turf forming; pulverize the soil thoroughly to receive and retain the moisture; crown it gently towards the trunk, leaving a small trench around the circumference. This will tend to carry the moisture and nourishment towards the rootlets. Then if your trees stand in the yard, or lawn, you can plant these bare circular spots of ground with any kind of low annuals, such as candy tufts, fumitories, portulacae, sweet alyssa, pansies, trailing verbenas, &c. This you will enlarge your flower space, and the constant cultivation of these flowers will keep the ground about your trees beautiful, and in the best growing order. When the season advances, you can mulch with grass or leaves, and in this way you will have thrifty trees.—*Ohio Farmer.*

SLICK.—Procure a gallon or two of wheat bran, or brewer's grains, and on a mild evening just before or after a shower, place little patches of it about your garden in all directions, especially near box edgings and similar places of retreat. About 9 o'clock at night, provided with a good lantern and candle, and armed with a pot full of air-slacked lime, he must visit all the little patches of bran in succession—he will probably be astonished at the vast number of his enemies congregated and feasting at his expense; when with his pot of lime he can give them such a dusting as will prevent them from ever again troubling him. If this plan be persevered in for a short time, he will effectually clear the garden of slugs. I have applied this remedy for many years, and have never known it to fail.—*Cor. London Field.*

GOOSEBERRY CATERPILLARS.—The season is fast approaching when we shall again hear of the ravages of these unwelcome visitors. Some recommend hellebore, and some tan, and other things, for their cure or prevention, but soot is better than either of them. Last year, in early spring, I spread soot thickly over the ground immediately round and under the trees, and I had no caterpillars, but a more plentiful supply of fruit than I ever recollect before. If the ground has not been recently dug let it be lightened up with the hoe, and I think few of the grubs will escape.—*Anna.*

YANKEES AT POMPEII.—Go where you will you meet Americans. We had no sooner set foot in Pompeii, and were busy exploring the Temple of Isis and the sacrificial altar, when in came three curious Yankees and joined our party. The other day, on reaching the top of Vesuvius, I descried a man sitting astride a block of lava. I don't know why, but I marked him at once for one of my countrymen. As I advanced toward him, I could not help noticing the cool manner in which he and Vesuvius were taking a morning smoke together. His long nine was run out like a bowstring, and he took the whole affair as calmly as one would look upon a kitchen fire at home. As soon as I came up with him, he bawled out,

"Hallo, stranger! pretty considerable lot of lava round here! Any news down below? Ye ain't tuckered out—be ye?"

On my asking him if he had looked into the crater, he replied,

"Yass, but I burnt the laigs of my trousers, though, I tell you!"

He turned out to be a man from New England, who came up from Marselles to see the volcano, and a more delightfully verdant gentleman is not common in these parts.

TASTE IN FIGURE HEADS.—In some ships the sailors pride themselves on the beauty of their figure heads; and many a time I have seen the captain of the fore-castle employed for hours in painting the eyes, hair, and drapery of his favorite idol. I suppose few commanding officers will allow of this liberty; for it must be admitted that Jack's taste in female beauty and in the disposition and colors of dress are borrowed from a very questionable source.—

"You seem proud of your head, Mr. Clear-pipe; I shall gift her for you!" In a few days the sparkling eyes and blushing cheeks of Mrs. Boatswain, like Danae, had yielded up their charms to the golden shower. The glittering figure head soon became the delight of the ship's company, and, on one occasion, furnished the captain with rather an odd means of calling out their energies. The ship was sailing in company with several others of the same class, and, when they came all to reef topsails together, she was beat on the first occasion.

As they were setting about a second trial of their activity, the captain called out to the people aloft, "Now, I tell you what it is, my lads, unless you are off the yards, and the sails are hoisted again before any other ship in the squadron, by the Lord Harry, I'll paint your figure head black!" From that time forward she beat every ship in the fleet.

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
I am composed of 28 letters.
My 27, 15, 16, 5, 13, 10, 7, 16, was a French musical composer.
My 18, 26, 27, 14, 23, 9, 6, 9, was an Italian mathematician and philosophical writer.
My 18, 10, 21, 20, 23, 27, 13, was a Flemish painter.
My 23, 23, 25, 3, 10, was an English novelist and poet.
My 7, 17, 18, 2, 5, 18, 4, 23, 24, 10, 13, was a Greek philosopher.
My 3, 13, 27, 1, 16, 15, 16, 6, 23, was an eminent French poet.
My 11, 4, 12, 13, 18, 26, 17, was an English mathematician.
My 19, 20, 13, 14, 7, was a Bohemian patriot.
My 22, 10, 6, 9, 26, 15, 15, 27, was an Italian historical painter.
My whole was a German ecclesiastic.

CINROS.

POETICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
I am composed of 30 letters.
My 29, 11, 8, was an English poet.
My 31, 3, 29, was an English poet.
My 31, 31, 35, 6, was an English poet.
My 32, 31, 36, 22, 2, 6, was an English poet.
My 4, 26, 7, 16, 9, 10, 14, 15, was one of the "dramatists."
My 31, 33, 36, 28, 37, 3, 28, 5, was an English poet.
My 32, 31, 36, 1, 2, 3, 26, 9, 23, 21, 28, 37, 10, is one of Byron's poems.
My 11, 19, 23, 24, is a character in Ben Jonson's "Fall of Selimus."
My 8, 25, 12, 28, 29, was an English poet.
My 32, 33, 31, 29, 20, 18, 20, was one of the "dramatists."
My 34, 22, 31, 30, 30, 31, 31, 32, was an English poet.
My 24, 11, 30, 23, 1, 17, was an English poet.
My 5, 11, 30, 9, 23, 26, 38, was an English poet.
My 34, 20, 21, 29, 30, 30, 30, 30, was an English poet.
My 13, 35, 30, 30, 31, 28, 22, was an English poet.
My 32, 33, 12, 21, 22, 33, 29, was an English poet.
My whole was one of the earliest English poets of distinction.

GAHMEW.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
I am composed of 29 letters.
My 3, 14, 16, 6, 18, is worn by the ladies.
My 19, 17, 25, 2, 4, is an animal.
My 5, 2, 16, 18, 10, 4, is a kind of grass.
My 12, 4, 15, 19, 12, 13, 14, 3, 1, 20, is a plant.
My 23, 17, 4, 19, 24, 18, is a bird.
My 9, 3, 21, 25, 6, 7, is a farmer's tool.
My 4, 17, 1, 19, 22, 8, is a surgical instrument.
My 26, 3, 18, 5, 28, 27, 4, is a turner's tool.
My 11, 2, 18, 19, 9, is a fish.
My whole is a distinguished actor in one of our present movements.

CHASE.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
In the sparkling wine
That the bibbers sip,
In the sea salt brine,
And the rainy lip,
You'll find me.
In the midnight dark,
When no watching star
Guides the fisher's bark
To his home afar,
Fate binds me.

NELA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
My first is a word that's often heard
When loud the cannon roars;
My second is the name of a river,
'Tis found on the eastern shore.
My third I when you've often seen,
For it is a kind of grain;
My fourth is an exclamation
Of pleasure or of pain.
My whole is a body of water
Where steamboats plough along;
Now guess my name, I know you can,
It will not take you long.

HARP.